the weekly standard

OCTOBER 28, 2002

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NORTH KOREA: THE CONSEQUENCES OF CLINTONISM

Max Boot • William Kristol • Gary Schmitt

Muscular Republicanism

Arnold Schwarzenegger's California Dreamin'

by Matt Labash

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SBC – the giant Bell monopoly – cries that without government protection, they'll go out of business.

But independent voices say SBC's disguise is wearing thin:

Chicago Tribune

David Greising, Sept. 29, 2002

"The chairman of SBC Corp. barnstormed state and local honchos a few weeks ago and warned that Ameritech's parent company is on the road to ruin. The only way out? Get regulators to squelch the competition."

Dan Gillmor, San Jose Mercury News

Sept. 28, 2002

"It's regulation, groaned a company that signed off on the 1996 federal telecommunications 'reform' act and, once the legislation had passed, sued to block its effect. It's unfair competition, whined a monopolist that has a consistent record of blocking serious competitors."

Crain's Chicago Business

Sept. 23, 2002

"Stung by the first pinprick of competition, erstwhile local telephone service monopolist SBC Ameritech is howling for the balm of regulatory intervention.... Forgive us if we don't organize a bake sale for SBC Ameritech."

Los Angeles Times

October 12, 2002

"SBC PacBell had operating income in California totaling $3.5 billion in 2001, up from $2.9 billion the year before.... The PUC said the company has earned profits well above the level considered a "healthy return" by previous commissions. "We have not seen any evidence in California that regulation is causing SBC PacBell financial hardship," [California Public Utility Commissioners] Wood and Lynch wrote in a letter...."

The Economist

Oct. 11, 2002

"...the crisis seems to dwell mostly in the imaginations of [the Baby Bells'] lobbyists."

National Association of Regulatory Utility Commissioners

Sept. 27, 2002

"Instead of simply complying with the Court's mandate and current law, the RBOCs continue to lobby Congress and the FCC for special protection from the rules."

What if the company crying wolf *is* the wolf?

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the weekly Standard

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Oiling the Nobel Process

Two weeks ago: The Norwegian Nobel Committee awards the 2002 Nobel Peace Prize to former president Jimmy Carter—a move the committee's chairman, Gunnar Berge, says "should be interpreted" as a "kick in the leg" to current President George W. Bush's "belligerent" foreign policy. Carter's Nobel citation reads: "In a situation currently marked by threats of the use of power, Carter has stood by the principles that conflicts must as far as possible be resolved through mediation and international co-operation based on international law, respect for human rights, and economic development."

Last week: The United States announces that North Korea has acknowledged systematic violations of a Jimmy Carter-brokered 1994 pact by which that country was to have halted its nuclear weapons program in return for generous U.S. and South Korean economic assistance. American officials say North Korea may already have produced, under cover of that agreement, a workable, deliverable atomic bomb or two, a development that gravely threatens regional stability and security. Put more bluntly: It now appears that an unprecedented nuclear crisis on the Korean peninsula has been facilitated, not averted, by Carter's 1994 "peace" negotiations.

The foregoing paragraphs, THE SCRAPBOOK says, "should be interpreted" as a "kick in the leg" to the Norwegian Nobel Committee generally. And the paragraphs that follow "might be considered" an additional "poke in the eye" to committee chairman Gunnar Berge individually.

We note that Norway—surprise!—is the world's third largest oil exporter. We note that Norway's non-oil economy slipped into recession in the second quarter of this year. We note that the Norwegian government forecasts rising unemployment and only modest total GDP growth from now through the end of 2004. We note that even these not-especially-cheerful forecasts depend for their fulfillment on world oil prices remaining at current levels.

We further note that an American-led "regime change" and subsequent reconstruction of Iraq would inevitably and significantly transform the current global petroleum market: In a post-Saddam Iraq, the United States (and our genuine allies) would surely help modernize that country's oil fields and exploration capabilities. We note, in other words, that President George W. Bush's "belligerent" foreign policy promises sharply to boost future Iraqi oil production, which will depress world oil prices, which will leave the Norwegian economy . . . well, totally screwed.

And we note, finally, that the director general of his government's policy-making Norwegian Petroleum Directorate is none other than Nobel Peace Prize committee chairman, and Bush critic, Gunnar Berge.

Kinda puts the phrase "oil for peace" in a whole 'nother light, doesn't it? ♦

Landslide Saddam

Almost since the inception of this magazine, we have advocated, loudly and lustily, regime change in Iraq. This is not because we are a bunch of power-mad imperialists, though we are. It is because we genuinely believe that the time has come for the Iraqi people to enjoy the same freedoms Western people do—freedoms of association and of speech, the freedom to eat fast food, drive fast cars, and to not get beheaded for telling Saddam jokes.

We have always believed this is what the Iraqi people want as well. But, boy, are we embarrassed. Iraq held an election this week, and it turns out that the Iraqi people think the Butcher of Baghdad is just the bee's knees. With almost 100 percent voter turnout, Saddam Hussein, who was running unopposed, won the election 11,445,638 to 0. No muss, no fuss, no hanging chads, no Frank Lautenberg interventions, no libertarian write-ins.

We can't say for sure what put him over the edge. After all, Saddam isn't much of a retail campaigner—he hasn't been seen in public since December 2000. Maybe it was the campaign's catchphrase, "Yes, yes, yes," which seemed to be pinched from Herbal Essence shampoo ads. Or maybe, as the *Washington Post* reported, it was on the strength of his campaign song: the Whitney Houston/Dolly Parton opus, "I Will Always Love You."

Of course, anyone with the slightest worldly wisdom—and by that, we mean, anyone who doesn't work for Reuters—would suspect that unanimous voter turnout might have come from a permutation of MTV's Choose or Lose campaign: "Choose Saddam, or Lose Your Life."

Comb the Amnesty International files, and it becomes apparent that political opposition does not fare well in Iraq. Over the years, political opponents have been held without trial, beaten, raped, executed, had electric shocks applied to their genitals, had their skin burned by heated metal or sulfuric acid, or been suspended from rotating fans (talk about your swing voter!). Last July, two men actually had their tongues cut

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COALITION BUILDING

out for "slandering" the Iraqi president.

And yet still, Reuters breathlessly reported, "Defiant Iraqis lined up to show their support for Saddam Hussein Tuesday." One woman even marked her "yes" for Saddam in blood (it's not clear who was drawing the blood). And voter Mohammad Khalil said, "I voted a big 'yes' to Saddam and a big 'no' to Bush." Of course, a "no" for Bush wasn't a possibility on the Iraqi ballot. Call us conspiratorial, but maybe Mohammad was sending a covert signal: pretending that he was rejecting liberty, but actually communicating that he wants asylum in Palm Beach County. ♦

Faith No More?

A senator's word is supposed to be his bond, but that doesn't seem to be the case with Senate majority leader Tom Daschle's handling of President Bush's faith-based initiative. As early as July 2001, Daschle committed himself to scheduling a debate and vote on the issue. "It would mean in this Congress, which means this year or next year," Daschle said on *Meet the Press*. "I don't want to be tied to a specific time frame, but I clearly will give the president his opportunity, his day in court, and we'll have that debate." Or maybe not.

The measure, known as the CARE Act, cleared the House last year. But its chances in the Senate were poor because of a provision involving the overriding of state and local gay rights statutes. So that provision was taken out. And Daschle, in an op-ed in the *Rapid City Journal* last February 15, expressed his strong support. "The CARE Act," he wrote, "strikes the right balance between harnessing the best forces of faith in our public life without infringing on the First Amendment. . . . I look forward to working with President Bush to get this proposal signed into law."

This fall, however, things began to change. A tentative plan was reached to call the measure up in the Senate and allow each party to propose one amendment. Then, suddenly, Democrats demanded four amendments, ones that would actually roll back current law to boost gay rights. For instance, religious organizations that took public funds would not be able to hire and promote on the basis of religion. Nor could any state or local laws be preempted. In other words, organizations that regard homosexual activity as sinful couldn't legally decline to hire a gay activist.

When Republican and Democratic sponsors found enough votes to defeat the four amendments, a new hurdle was put in their way. Daschle required Sen. Joe Lieberman of Connecticut, the chief Democratic sponsor of the CARE Act, to come up with a list of 10 Democrats committed to vote against the amendments. This isn't easy, since Democrats are leery of angering gay and civil rights groups on an issue that may never come to the floor for a vote. Still, no 10 commitments, no vote. Lieberman believes he can muster the 10, but by the end of last week he hadn't. So the measure may not come to a vote in this Senate session. That's exactly the outcome Daschle promised wouldn't happen. ♦

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Casual

Up in Smoke

It all started with the squirrels in the ceiling. They've always lived there, between the rafters over my office at home. For years, the squirrels and I got along fine, until late one night a couple of months ago, when two of them got into an argument. I don't know what the fight was about, acorns probably, but it was incredibly loud.

At first I barked at them to be quiet. Then I yelled. Finally, I took a tennis ball from the spaniel and bounced it off the ceiling as hard as I could. That shut them up. About a minute later I heard the dripping. One of the squirrels had relieved himself directly over my desk. A small yellow stain appeared on my ceiling. Squirrel urine dripped onto a stack of papers. I thought I could hear the little creeps laughing.

That was it. I decided to get rid of them. Two exterminators later, I learned that the real problem was the tin roof. It was riddled with squirrel-sized holes, the result of 100 years of rodents and neglect.

This did not surprise me. Just about everything in the house has suffered from a century of rodents and neglect. By the time we bought it, the place was fairly close to falling down. There was no air conditioning, no washer and dryer, no windows without cracks, no working heat in about half the rooms. The basement was under water. An entire side of the building was covered with poison ivy.

Rodents loved the place. We found them everywhere. And not just conventional rodents, like rats, but large, unidentifiable, call-the-zoologist-type creatures. In the wall of the second-floor bathroom we discovered a dead furry thing so big I still think about it. Even mummified, it was the size of a beagle. I have no idea how it got there.

Slowly we began repairs. By last winter, the house was almost done. Then one Saturday afternoon we came home from lunch to find it wrecked again. Two massive cast-iron radiators at opposite ends of the living room had exploded, soaking the ceiling, walls, and furniture, melting the varnish off the floors and sending untold gallons of steaming water cascading onto bookshelves in the rooms below.

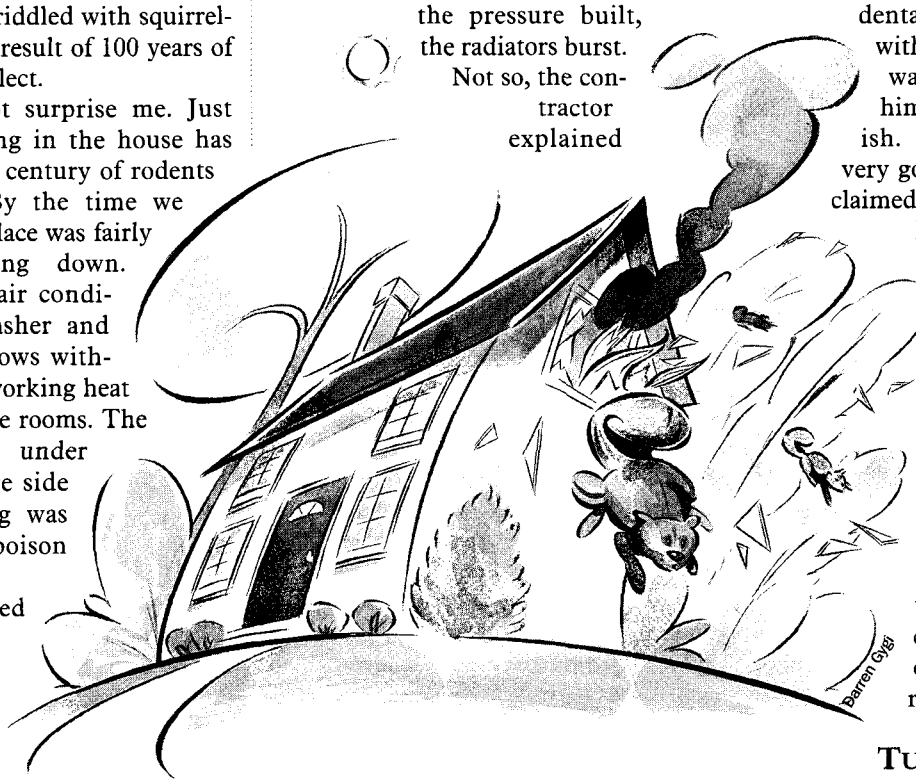
I knew immediately what had happened. Just the day before, the contractor had been tinkering with the pressure-relief valve on the furnace. Obviously, he had disabled it. When the pressure built, the radiators burst. Not so, the contractor explained when he finally called back from his weekend house. Actually, he said, both radiators, which had functioned perfectly well since the Taft administration, had blown up on the same day simply because, as he put it, "they're old." Bad luck. An act of God. His insurance company agreed.

By the first of October this year I was over my bitterness. That's when I decided to fix the tin roof over my office, the very last project in a series of costly, drawn-out renovations stretching back over four years. On the day the roofers showed up, I was in a good mood. I greeted them, then drove to work. Two hours later, one of my neighbors called me to say my house was on fire.

Everyone got out safely. My wife and children were in the kitchen when the alarm went off. Like normal people, they didn't take it seriously until they saw the smoke. By the time I got home, the firemen had put out the flames and finished hacking holes in things with axes. About six of them were sitting exhausted on the floor of my bedroom when I walked in. They could not have been friendlier.

Outside, the roofer who had accidentally started the fire with his propane torch was standing off by himself looking sheepish. My Spanish isn't very good, but I think he claimed to be sober.

I didn't stick around long. It was getting dark and we needed to find a hotel. The kids seemed content, looking forward to room service, and I felt relatively calm, too. Sure it's unpleasant when your house catches fire. But in our case it wasn't really surprising.



Tucker Carlson

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Bothersome Bush

Noemie Emery gets it just right in "Why He Drives Them Crazy" (Oct. 14). When asked how he could stand constant criticism from the leftist press, Ronald Reagan, reflecting his professional origins in show business, is said to have replied: "Well, there's reviews and there's box office." Like Reagan, Bush recognizes the difference between approval from the "intellectual" classes and popular support.

When he spoke of "evildoers," supposed intellectuals were perplexed: Wasn't this a primitive response? Didn't we need to understand what we had done to create terrorists? When President Bush invoked God, academics and artists snickered: Hadn't God finally died in the 1960s?

The so-called intellectual classes are so estranged from mainstream American culture that it is simply beyond them to understand the popularity of a Reagan or a Bush. They have lived in the intellectually incestuous hothouses of academia so long, patterning their thinking on the editorials of the *New York Times*, that political and cultural views other than their own are now beyond their comprehension. Having celebrated their superiority, these intellectuals are now a thoroughly confused and befuddled lot. Fortunately, President Bush understands this and seems to enjoy tweaking those who underestimate him, as Ronald Reagan did before him.

For the sake of the United States, let's hope the confusion continues.

Randy Haddock
Culver City, CA

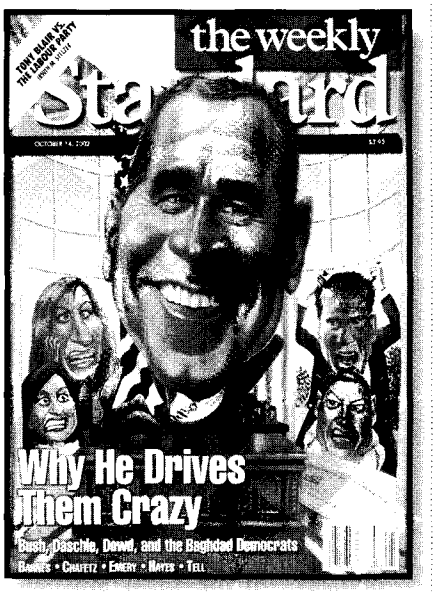
Dowd and Out in D.C.

A game I like to play when reading Maureen Dowd (it presumably works with Frank Rich as well) is to see how far into her column she gets before referring to a popular TV show, movie, or commercial, like *Everybody Loves Raymond*, *Sex and the City*, or as in one of the columns Josh Chafetz cites, *Heathers* ("The Immutable Laws of Dowd," Oct. 14). These are often what passes for intellectual references at the *New York Times*, but I suppose Frank Rich can be excused because, after all, he is really a drama critic masquerading as an op-ed columnist.

The Weekly Standard's readers should try applying this additional Immutable Law of Dowd. It normally takes two paragraphs, kind of like the number of licks it takes to get to the center of a Tootsie Pop.

John P. Ivers
New York, NY

Josh Chafetz is all wrong about Maureen Dowd. Maureen knows that people like me who are wrong about almost everything, never satisfying the standards of the *New York Times* for thinking right, need to atone for our sins. Maureen offers the means, twice a week in her columns, for me and my ilk to practice mortification. I do penance by reading her, and sometimes I even break out of my ignorance sufficiently to understand the fancy words and recognize the names that she, a smart college girl, uses. It feels lousy but I know it's what I need.



Lawrence H. O'Neill
New York, NY

I enjoyed Josh Chafetz's "The Immutable Laws of Maureen Dowd." Dowd epitomizes the inherent dishonesty of liberal journalists. However, I do take exception to Chafetz's introduction. Dowd's *New York Times* columns were *never* any fun.

Dowd won the 1999 Pulitzer Prize for doing the best job of articulating the Democratic party's main talking points during the Clinton impeachment. Specifically, although what Clinton did was "inappropriate," the real villains were the Republicans who tried to do something about his corruption of the legal system. This is Dowd's real formula, by the way, to criticize Democrats lightly and blame Republicans for the real problems.

The fact that most Americans now consider Kenneth Starr, an admirable man and a dedicated public servant, to be a "sex addict" is proof of how successful Dowd and those like her have been at framing the debate and writing history.

Curt Allen
Mandeville, LA

Tell It Like It Is

David Tell's treatment of the Democrats' McDermott/Bonior problem in "Not So Innocents Abroad" is overly generous (Oct. 14). Tell ends his editorial by conceding that "David Bonior and Jim McDermott are freaks. They do not speak for their party." However, up until January of this year, David Bonior was one of the chief spokesmen for the Democratic party. As the Democratic whip in the House of Representatives, he was chosen by his fellow partisans to hold a position of leadership second only to Dick Gephardt among House Democrats. As such, he was (according to tradition) positioned to be the next Democratic leader of the House.

The Democratic party would probably like the public to believe that Bonior is a freak on the fringes of the party, but Bonior's ten years as the No. 2 Democratic leader in the House suggest that he stands squarely in the mainstream of his party. Had he not decided to run (unsuccessfully) for governor of Michigan, Bonior would most likely still be the House Democratic Whip today. There is no reason Republicans should let Democrats off the hook by allowing them to cast Bonior and McDermott as freaks.

Stan Watson
Winchester, VA

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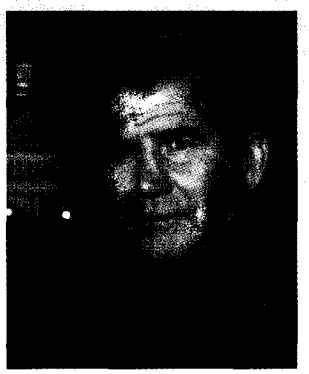

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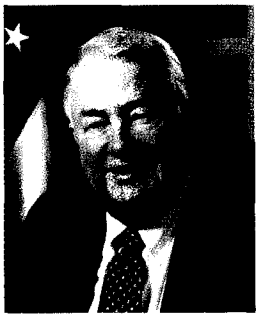

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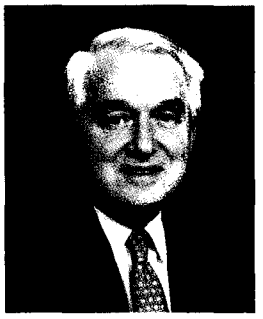

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the weekly Standard

Lessons of a Nuclear North Korea

Last week, the White House announced that North Korea has admitted what critics of the Clinton "engagement" ruefully predicted eight years ago: Pyongyang retains a secret nuclear weapons program, in defiance of its 1994 pledge to forswear nukes. Since the disclosure became public, the Bush administration has been properly stern and sober, indicating that North Korea's behavior must stop and must not be rewarded. But the administration has also felt the need to reassure us that North Korea is not like Iraq. Really?

In fact, both regimes are ruled by homicidal tyrants, engage in terrorism, and are addicted to developing weapons of mass destruction. It's a mistake to argue, as one senior administration official put it, that "these regimes may share some characteristics, but Iraq is in a class by itself." This only undermines the president's own words, his own insight, and ultimately his own credibility about the "axis of evil." Worse, it invites the president's critics to ask, "If Pyongyang can be peacefully engaged, why can't Baghdad?"

The truth is simpler: Both regimes are evil, irredeemably so, and the lasting solution to the threat they pose is a change of regimes in both places. The only difference lies in the means appropriate to the different circumstances. As is often the case in the real world, what makes practical sense in one instance may not in the other.

North Korea has nuclear weapons and a military poised to destroy much of South Korea. Iraq doesn't have those weapons—yet—and its military is only a shell of its former self. Removing Saddam Hussein from power by military means makes sense because it is just, it is doable, and the likely costs to innocent civilians and American forces are low. Unfortunately, the same can't be said with any confidence of an attempt to remove Kim Jong Il and to liberate North Korea. But that is certainly no reason to jump to the conclusion that we shouldn't move ahead against Saddam—or that the only viable policy with respect to Korea is the failed approach of the Clinton years—"engagement" and "normalization" with Pyongyang.

U.S. policy toward North Korea has been a mess for a decade and a half. In 1985, Pyongyang signed the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty. By 1987, it was already playing games with respect to required inspections of its nuclear facilities by the International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA). By the early 1990s, there was sufficient intelligence to indicate that North Korea had an illicit nuclear weapons program. Washington's reaction? Play down that fact, facilitate an agreement between North and South to "de-nuke" the peninsula, begin removing our own nuclear weapons from Korea, and cancel U.S. and South Korean military exercises.

By 1993, North Korea was openly in breach of the Nonproliferation Treaty and refusing IAEA inspectors access to its nuclear facilities. President Clinton huffed and puffed about not allowing North Korea to develop the bomb, but in the end he couldn't get the inspectors back in. Fearing a showdown with North Korea, the Clinton administration attempted to bribe the North into ending its nuclear weapons program by promising to build Pyongyang two new (supposedly less weapon-friendly) nuclear reactors, provide it with huge amounts of fuel oil in the meantime, and normalize economic and political relations. Assistant Secretary of State for East Asia Stanley Roth explained the logic behind the administration's policy: "Who knows what actions North Korea might take if it were desperate?"

Not surprisingly, Pyongyang decided this was a pretty good scam. In 1998, it tested missiles that could dump warheads on both Japan and the United States. As the North Koreans probably hoped, the Clinton team raced to figure out what more they could offer as tribute, if only North Korea would agree to stop its testing of these missiles. By 2000, the administration was in full appeasement mode, with North Korea receiving more U.S. aid than any other nation in East Asia, and Secretary of State Madeleine Albright, in a parody of Bob Hope's "Thanks for the Memories," ludicrously warbling at a regional summit: "Just had my first handshake, with Foreign Minister Paek. Used to think he was a rogue, but here at [the summit], he's so in vogue." Only the intervention of the 2000 elections prevented Clinton from going to North Korea to

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Agence France Presse

Cheers! Kim Jong Il and Madeleine Albright

strike a new deal under which we would have been providing even more aid for the boon of a supposedly stopped missile program.

The Bush team came into office skeptical about the existing policy and the wisdom of the agreements in place. Even so, it was unwilling to repudiate the process of engagement. Bush officials opted instead for a more "hardheaded" engagement, in which North Korea was going to be asked to show substantial progress on a variety of security fronts—transparency, weapons proliferation, conventional forces levels—before the relationship could move forward. Whether this policy could have worked is doubtful: In the end, engagement trumps hardheadedness for the simple reason that if we stick to our guns with a state like North Korea, a confrontation arrives, and we face a fundamental choice between challenge and accommodation. It is only accommodation that keeps the game going, and so accommodation tends to prevail.

But now, with the North Koreans having been caught in violation of the 1994 Agreed Framework and, in turn, renouncing that framework, the Bush administration has a new opportunity to fashion a more realistic and effective policy. This will not be easy. Following Washington's lead, both Japan and South Korea have invested considerable political capital in engagement with the North. Nor will Washington itself—as evidenced by how closely held within the administration the intelligence was about North Korea's cheating—want to provoke another crisis while confronting Iraq and the war on terrorism. This is understandable, but it shouldn't result in some new version of past efforts. Engagement has not worked. It has not made the Korean peninsula a safer place, and the large amounts of aid provided North Korea have actually helped prop up a regime that was on its way to collapsing in the mid-1990s.

Pyongyang has thus begun a new game of chicken with Washington. Admitting it has an ongoing nuclear weapons program and, as it says, even "more powerful" weapons, North Korea probably expects the United States to react as it has in the past, with new talks and new inducements. Instead, the Bush administration should begin to put in place a completely different agenda, one guided by the president's own insight that one cannot solve the problem of North Korea's weapons programs without solving the problem of the regime itself. To start, the United States and its allies should stop subsidizing the North Korean government with fuel oil, foreign aid, and promises of billions in Japanese war reparations. Second, we should vastly increase Radio Free Asia broadcasts into North Korea from the current couple of hours a day to 24/7. Finally, in conjunction with allies and other states in the Pacific, we should put pressure on China to stop frustrating defections from North Korea. This is not only the right thing to do as a humanitarian matter, but it is also important to a strategy of undermining the regime from within. And more can, of course, be done as part of a new policy of aggressive containment of Pyongyang, including shoring up the defense capabilities of South Korea.

For almost a decade, the *New York Times*, the Clinton administration, and others have told us that the only sensible strategy for dealing with North Korea was engagement. But it hasn't worked; if anything, it has actually increased the incentives for North Korea (and like-minded states) to develop as many dangerous "bargaining chips" as they can. This softheaded policy of engagement produces a world no one wants to live in. And certainly our current difficulty in confronting an armed North Korea shows precisely why dealing with Iraq and Saddam Hussein can't wait. As President Bush has made clear over the past year, the United States has a fundamental choice to make in confronting rogue states, dictators developing weapons of mass destruction, and global terrorism: Either we act aggressively to shape the world and change regimes where necessary, or we accept living in a world in which our very existence is contingent on the whims of unstable tyrants.

—William Kristol and Gary Schmitt

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The Consequences of Clintonism

Peace doesn't come from a "process," or from wishful thinking. BY MAX BOOT

POOR BILL CLINTON. He tried so hard to be a peacemaker, and until recently it appeared that he had at least partially succeeded. Sure, Middle East peace didn't emerge from the frenzied negotiations at Camp David in July 2000. But at least he had succeeded in brokering deals to bring "peace" to Northern Ireland and the Korean peninsula. Then—oops—it all unraveled last week.

From Northern Ireland came word that Britain was suspending the local assembly in which Protestants and Catholics were supposed to share power. The legislative body had been set up as a result of the 1998 Good Friday Agreement, brokered by Clinton's special envoy, George Mitchell. As a condition of power-sharing, the Irish Republican Army was supposed to disarm and become a nice, housebroken political party, like the Tories or Labour. But it never has.

Until now, the IRA's transgressions—whether its failure to turn over its weapons, its role in training Colombia's FARC guerrillas, or its occasional bombings—could be explained away by peace process supporters as the work of "dissidents" and "factions." That illusion became harder to sustain last week, after police raids uncovered evidence that leaders of Sinn Fein, the public face of the IRA, were involved in planning terrorist acts. The Good Friday Agreement—for which Clinton and Mitchell have already taken numerous victory laps—appears to be in the intensive care unit, perhaps headed for the hospice.

Even more disquieting news arrived from North Korea. In 1993 Pyongyang refused to allow international monitors to inspect its nuclear facilities, as required under the Nuclear Nonproliferation Pact that it had signed. The Clinton administration averted a crisis by negotiating a much-touted peace agreement. North Korea would promise to dismantle its nuclear weapons program. In return, the United States, Japan, and South Korea would shower all sorts of goodies on the Stalinist regime, including help in building two light-water nuclear reactors for allegedly civilian use. The United States delivered its end of the bargain—ground was broken on the first of the Western-funded reactors in August—but North Korea neglected to do the same. Last week Pyongyang brazenly announced that it had unilaterally abrogated the 1994 Agreed Framework and was developing nukes and even "more powerful weapons."

Illustration by Earl Keleny

You might think that these events would tend to discredit the Clinton presidency. But it's too late for that. Two years after the Marc Rich pardon, one year after September 11, the Clinton administration cannot be discredited any further. The real question is whether these events will discredit the idea that peace comes from a "process." I rather think not, for like all true faiths it is impervious to empirical refutation.

As it happens, at roughly the same time that North Korea was building nuclear weapons and the IRA was plotting further terrorism, the Nobel Peace Prize committee was awarding this year's laurel to Jimmy Carter. One might wonder how he earned the honor. The world, after all, was a considerably less peaceful (and, more important, less free) place after four years of the Carter presidency, which saw the Iranian hostage crisis, the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, and advances by Soviet allies from Nicaragua to Angola. Skirting this issue, the Nobel committee justified its award by pointing to Carter's post-presidential work.

Much of it is unobjectionable, even laudable—his charitable activities with Habitat for Humanity, or his championing of human rights in places like Cuba. But Carter has also been a leading champion of the view

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that there is no dispute in the world so intractable as to resist mediation. Some of his efforts—notably the Israel-Egypt accord of 1978—have done little harm (though it's hard to see how regional security was enhanced by Israel's giving up the Sinai). But most of his work—in places like Haiti, Sudan, Liberia, Venezuela, Congo—has conspicuously failed to deliver tangible results.

Is it any surprise that Carter was instrumental in negotiating the 1994 accord with North Korea? He visited the dying dictator Kim Il Sung and found him to be "vigorous, alert, intelligent, and surprisingly well informed about the technical issues" (not to mention "very friendly toward Christianity"). Perhaps, in light of last week's news, the Carter Center will revise its website, which brags of its founder's role in creating the first "dialogue" between North Korea and the United States "in 40 years." Or perhaps Madeleine Albright will express a shred of remorse for clinking champagne glasses with Kim Jong Il during her rapturous visit to Pyongyang in 2000. Or maybe, just maybe, all those sophisticates who hooted at President Bush's inclusion of North Korea in the "Axis of Evil" will issue a mea culpa.

Yeah, right. And maybe the Dear Leader will retire to Scottsdale and work on his handicap.

Professional peace processors are not likely to be put off by a minor inconvenience like North Korea's brandishing of nuclear weapons. They will just see it as one more reason to redouble efforts at "engagement" (a nicer word than "appeasement").

Bill Clinton, Dennis Ross, Martin Indyk, and the other architects of Camp David II were, to be sure, briefly dismayed by their failure to end overnight more than 50 years of enmity between Arabs and Israelis. They were even shocked enough to utter an inconvenient truth—that the problem did not lie with both sides, but with one side, to wit Nobel Peace Prize winner Yasser Arafat, who showed himself determined to make war at any cost. But this moment of clarity back in 2000 was all too brief. It did not take long for Clinton to join a chorus of commentators denouncing President Bush for not doing enough to restart the fabled peace process. In part to quiet the critics, the Bush administration has felt compelled to at least go through the motions of reconciling the irreconcilable, even though the president's heart clearly isn't in it. The most pernicious effect of this pressure has been to keep Ariel Sharon from tossing Arafat out of the West Bank, where he remains an impediment to real peace.

Naturally, the same people who think we should cut deals with Kim Jong Il and Gerry Adams and Yasser Arafat do not cavil at working with Saddam Hussein. Indeed Kofi Annan, last year's Nobel Peace Prize recipient, once praised Saddam "as a man I can do business with." And Gunner Berge, the chairman of the Nobel Prize Committee since 2000, made clear that the award to Carter was intended "as criticism of the line the current U.S. administration has taken on Iraq," the current administration not being one that thinks Saddam a likely convert to sweetness and light.

The Nobel Committee is perfectly aware that there is another way to make peace. It simply doesn't like it. On its website is posted a long essay by Francis Sejersted, chairman of the committee from 1991 to 1999, who asks, "What are we to make in that connection of peace based on threats and fear?"

There's a good argument to be made that peace based on threats and fear has proven to be much more durable than peace based on niceness and wishful thinking. After all, it was through threats and fear—and actual violence—that the Allies won World War II, thereby converting Japan and Germany from militarism to pacifism. It was also through threats and fear that Ronald Reagan helped to bring down the Evil Empire and end the Cold War, thereby promoting "fraternity between nations" and "the abolition or reduction of standing armies," two of the achievements the Nobel Peace Prize is intended to honor.

But Sejersted is having none of it. Such a peace, he argues, "takes us back to deterrence and the terror balance. Ought peace of that kind to be honoured?" His answer is an emphatic no, because "it certainly does not correspond to Nobel's conceptions of disarmament and fraternisation." Perhaps not. But do Alfred Nobel's conceptions correspond with how to achieve peace in the real world? On this question, the Nobel committee is silent. Perhaps the ever-voluble Bill Clinton has some thoughts to share on this pressing subject. ♦

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Los Angeles Unbound

Is the secession movement a fizzle or a slow-burning fuse? BY FRED BARNES

Los Angeles

CALIFORNIA IS HOME these days to the most dismal politics in the land. The governor's race pits an incumbent with a pitiful record, Democrat Gray Davis, against a sad sack Republican, Bill Simon. The state legislature is politically correct and liberal in the extreme and may accelerate the exodus of entrepreneurs to more pro-business states. Only one of 53 House contests is close to being competitive. The only Californian with a national political voice is Barbra Streisand. With the exception of actor Arnold Schwarzenegger's emergence as a major player, there's only one interesting political development in the state: the bid by the San Fernando Valley to secede from the city of Los Angeles. And it's likely to lose.

The secession issue has deep roots and possible national implications. The San Fernando Valley, with roughly one-third of L.A.'s population and divided from the rest of the city by the Hollywood Hills and Santa Monica Mountains, has long fostered middle-class populist movements. It spawned Proposition 13, the tax-cutting referendum that passed in 1978 and touched off a national anti-tax drive. It was ground zero for anti-school busing activity that was attacked as racist in the 1970s but more recently has come to be viewed as legitimate and on the right side educationally. Now, the lesser grievances of the valley, which joined L.A. in 1915 to get water from the city's aqueduct, have come to a head: chronically poor services, little return on taxes, lack of respect by an aloof political class, underrepresentation on the city council.

Fred Barnes is executive editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

These are grievances familiar in other cities as well, especially vast, unwieldy, and hard-to-govern places similar to L.A. Phoenix and Houston come to mind. So do San Antonio and Las Vegas and New York and Philadelphia and Jacksonville. But at the moment, the only notable secession campaigns outside L.A. are in West Seattle and Staten Island. And they're not too serious. Should the secession referendum on the ballot in L.A. on November 5 pass—or should it even gain a majority of San Fernando Valley voters—it could have legs. All at once, secession efforts might spring up everywhere, as tax limitation drives did after Prop. 13 won.

Naturally the ruling political class and its minions in every city would be arrayed against secessionists. That's certainly true in L.A. Mayor James Hahn, ex-mayor Richard Riordan, the city council, unions, most black, white, and Latino political leaders, rich developers, the downtown business crowd, real estate interests, the *Los Angeles Times*—they're all apoplectic about a valley breakaway and fully engaged in the fight against it. Says secession leader Richard Katz, "We're up against every piece of the establishment, every bit of the status quo, everyone who has a piece of the action." The anti-secessionists have raised more than $3 million, hired two of L.A.'s best political consultants (Kam Kuwata and Bill Carrick), put ads on TV, used scare tactics, and generally treated secession advocates as wackos.

Wackos they aren't, and they've got a strong case. Response times of police and paramedics are far longer in the valley. When the L.A. subway was built, only a single station was located in the valley. L.A. is so big that city hall is a 90-minute or more drive from some parts of the valley. After the earthquake in 1994, the L.A. government spent nearly $300 million renovating city hall, but took six years to repair the satellite city facility in Van Nuys in the heart of the valley. Meanwhile, Hahn and his crowd spend much of their time dreaming up new edifices for downtown, including an abortive plan to build a stadium to attract a National Football League team. Cultural facilities such as museums and large auditoriums sought by the valley? Forget it. And it's now documented that the valley pays $128 million more in taxes each year than it gets back in services.

Worse, however, is the lack of representation and the dissing. The city council has 15 members, one for every 246,000 Angelenos, and the districts have been gerrymandered over the years to minimize valley clout. Council members are distant figures. "Local government is supposed to be localized," says Richard Close, president of the Sherman Oaks Homeowners Association and a leader in both Prop. 13 and secession. "This government is not local." The large districts all but guarantee the election of hacks, insists Joel Kotkin, a journalist who teaches at Pepperdine University and lives in the valley. "You could call it Hacktown." As for Hahn, he brings rich new definition to the word "bland." Kotkin says he's "a dumber version of Gray Davis."

If the valley seceded, it would have its own council with 14 members, one for every 94,000 people. Council members and a mayor's contest are on the ballot, plus five potential names for a new city (Valley City, San Fernando Valley City, Rancho San Fernando, Mission Valley, Camelot). Close got Camelot on the ballot based on the idea of bringing the best people to government. The names have produced a fresh wave of derision aimed at valleyites, deepening their inferiori-

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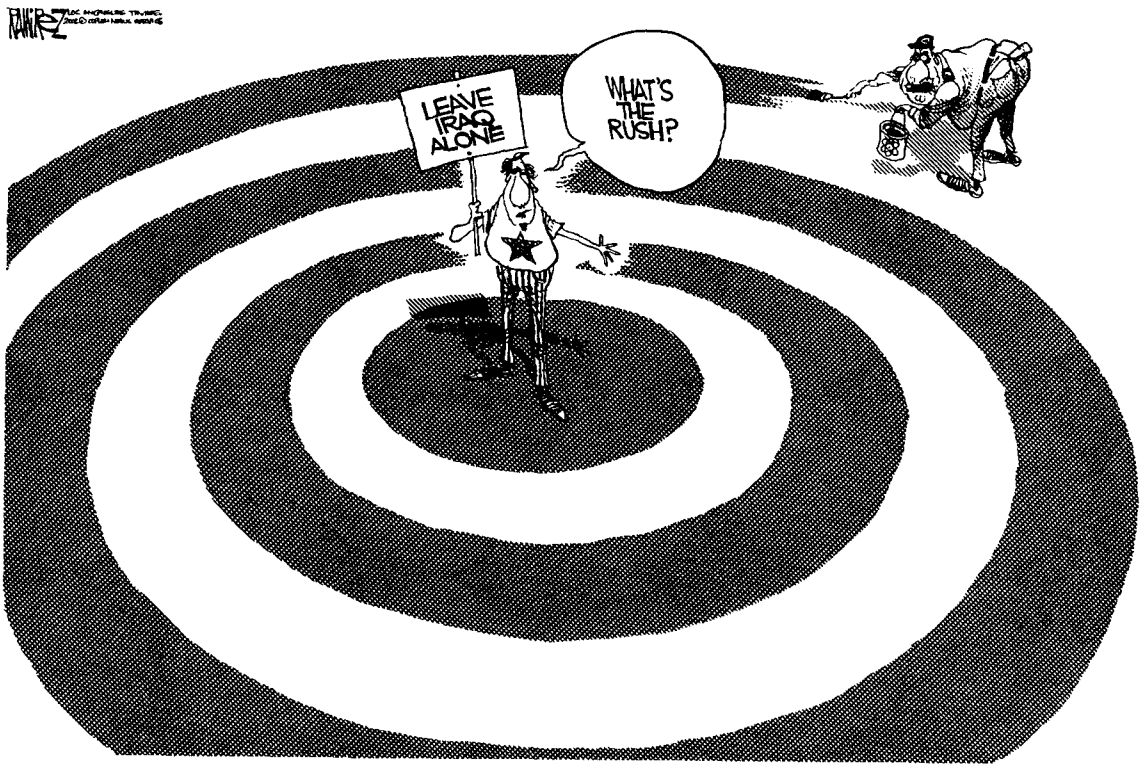
ty complex. "I'm the first to admit it," says Close of feelings of inferiority. Among joke names suggested are Newer Jersey, offered by Jay Leno, and Porntopia, proposed because the X-rated movie industry is headquartered in the valley.

Secession is not a new issue. It arose in the early 1970s, only to be thwarted by Mayor Tom Bradley. He got the legislature to pass a law requiring the L.A. city council to approve any secession. That meant that secession would never be possible. But in 1997, a Republican assemblywoman, Paula Boland, and a powerful Democrat, Bob Hertzberg, both valley residents, got the law repealed. And the secession movement, directed almost entirely by volunteers, was off and running. The next step was to bring the issue before the Local Agency Formation Commission, an appointive body with considerable power. Hahn and company tried to block this but failed. Then they sought to keep important city documents on revenues and expenditures out of LAFCO's hands, but they failed at that too. Last April, LAFCO ruled that both the San Fernando Valley and Hollywood were viable as cities and put two secession issues on the ballot.

The Hollywood measure has little prospect of winning, but the valley referendum is a different story. Last spring, an *L.A. Times* poll found that 49 percent of valley residents and 43 percent of citywide residents favored valley secession. Hahn, who says secession would be "a disaster of Biblical proportions," was shocked. And the result was a campaign of scare tactics. A valley city would abandon gay rights. It would be unable to respond to another earthquake. It wouldn't have enough police and firefighters. It would never adopt rent control. That last charge is preposterous, says Jill Stewart, who covered secession for *New Times* (recently absorbed by another publication). "There hasn't been a Southern California politician campaigning against rent control in probably 25 years," she says. "But they'll say everything's in jeopardy. They'll say the leash laws are."

The scare tactics have worked. Last week, a new *L.A. Times* survey found that only 42 percent in the valley back secession and 27 percent citywide. Both numbers matter because the election deck is stacked against secession. To win, it must be approved in both the valley and citywide. Realistically, the best hope of secessionists is that the valley will approve. With that in hand, they may file suit, arguing citywide approval is legally unnecessary. As a result, Hahn and his allies are pressing to prevent a valley majority for secession.

If they succeed, it will be because secession is not a primal issue. It doesn't involve money, as Prop. 13 did, or touch on schools and race, as the anti-busing movement did. At its core, it involves feeling good—and not defensive or disrespected—about where you live and making your community marginally better off. All that was enough to stir a populist campaign, but the past few years have not been kind to middle-class populism. Its day will come in L.A., but probably not in 2002. ♦



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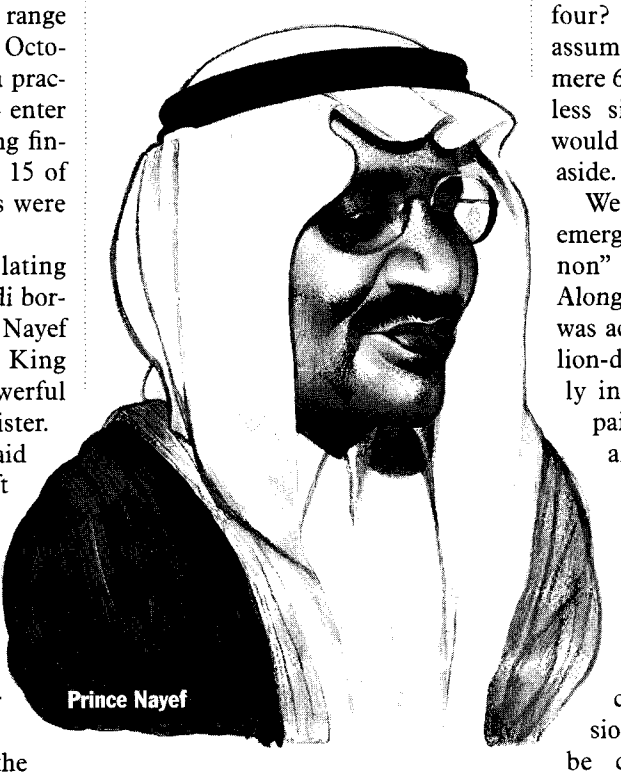
The Prince of Fingerprints

Meet Nayef bin Adbul-Aziz, the Saudi minister of the interior. BY SIMON HENDERSON

SOME DAY SOON—if it hasn't happened already—the first American male between the ages of 16 and 45 will be fingerprinted at the border as he enters Saudi Arabia. The measure is in retaliation for the discretionary fingerprinting of male visitors to the United States from a range of Muslim countries that as of October 1 includes Saudi Arabia. In practice, all Saudi males seeking to enter the United States are now being fingerprinted. As is well known, 15 of the 19 September 11 hijackers were Saudi men.

For any American contemplating the additional delay at the Saudi border, the man to curse is Prince Nayef bin Abdul-Aziz, a brother of King Fahd and the kingdom's powerful and long-serving interior minister. It's not that Prince Nayef is afraid an American will fly an aircraft into one of Saudi Arabia's new skyscrapers. "Our dealings will be reciprocal. We'll deal with every other country in the same way they deal with us," Nayef told the Saudi English-language daily *Arab News* last week.

The bluntness is typical of the man who is emerging as a key broker in the power games at the top of the House of Saud. Nayef and his allies aim to hobble the de facto ruler, Crown Prince Abdullah, and allow the so-called Sudairi princes to control Saudi affairs. The Sudairis (so named for their mother's tribe) are the largest group of full brothers from among the many sons of King Abdul-Aziz (also known as Ibn Saud), the founder of the modern Saudi state. Seven in number, they are effectively six because one lives permanently abroad. King Fahd himself is the senior brother, followed by Sultan, the minister of defense.



Prince Nayef

Illustration by Earl Keleny

Two weeks ago King Fahd, who is 81, returned from a four-month sojourn in Switzerland and southern Spain. A prominent Western ambassador in the kingdom recently described the king as "very ill." Although Fahd has since presided over two of the weekly council of ministers meetings, photographs show him hunched in a wheelchair, staring myopically ahead. The official press agency reports Fahd being briefed on industrial developments and foreign cooperation agreements, but much of what is going on clearly passes him by.

Still, as long as Fahd is alive, Crown Prince Abdullah, now 79, is denied the throne. By promoting Fahd's public profile, the other Sudairis diminish Abdullah's ability to lead. Last week the crown prince opened some hospitals and a desalination plant.

To Saudis and Saudi-succession watchers, Fahd is number one, Abdullah is number two, and Sultan is number three in proximity to the throne. (Succession goes from brother to brother among the sons of Ibn Saud.) All these men's advancing age forces the question: Who is number four? Increasingly, number four is assumed to be Nayef, whose age, a mere 69, is in his favor, although four less significant sons of Ibn Saud would need to be persuaded to stand aside.

Western chanceries view Nayef's emergence with dread. "A loose cannon" is one of the kinder epithets. Along with his brother Sultan, Nayef was accused in one of the multi-billion-dollar 9/11 lawsuits filed recently in the United States of having paid off Osama bin Laden so that al Qaeda would choose targets other than Saudi Arabia. Earlier this month Nayef spoke out against U.S. threats to strike Iraq—because Iraq is an Arab country. The Saudi embassy in Washington quoted him as calling for an international consensus to prevent an invasion of Iraq since the problem can be dealt with by non-military means.

For anyone who detects a contradiction with Foreign Minister Saud al-Faisal's careful formulation to CNN in September—"If action is taken under a U.N. mandate, then all U.N. member states, including Saudi Arabia, would be obligated to support it"—Nayef's brother Sultan laid to rest any doubt last week. "Saudi Arabia will not provide any assistance in any strikes against Iraq," he told the Saudi-owned pan-Arab *Al-Hayat*

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newspaper. From Algeria, Foreign Minister Saud, a mere nephew in the status-conscious House of Saud, meekly explained: "I never said that Saudi Arabia agrees to allow the use of its territory to strike Iraq."

Nayef is also blamed for the incarceration of five British expatriates, along with a Canadian and a Belgian, accused of causing bomb explosions in 2000 and 2001 that killed one Westerner and injured several others. In defiance of all evidence and logic, Nayef said those arrested as well as the victims belonged to illegal alcohol gangs fighting turf wars. Diplomats are certain that Islamic fundamentalists, perhaps linked to al Qaeda, are responsible—as two further fatal bombings this past summer suggest.

What is the latest twist in the Shakespearean antics of the House of Saud? Crown Prince Abdullah has nominated the former intelligence chief, Prince Turki al-Faisal (a brother of Foreign Minister Saud), to be ambassador to London. If accepted, he will fill the slot vacated by the new water minister, Ghazi al-Gosaibi, the poet envoy whose writings earlier this year praised the Palestinian suicide bomber of an Israeli supermarket and last year reminded George W. Bush of his "past alcoholism."

Prince Turki was fired as head of foreign intelligence 12 days before September 11, the apparent victim of an early Saudi realization that support for the Taliban had been a disastrous policy. Since then Turki has been trying to clear his name, which suffered additional damage when the first American 9/11 lawsuit named him as responsible for transferring funds to bin Laden. It is debatable whether London will see Turki, who is perceived as anti-Nayef, as an effective person to secure the release of the imprisoned Brits. New Yorkers might be annoyed at the choice as well.

Incidentally, fingerprinted American visitors to the kingdom need not worry that their whorls and creases will be used to frame them on some spurious offense. The Saudis' forensic science is limited—for them, nothing beats a confession. ♦

Biotech Versus Bioterror

How to get the antidotes we need for anthrax, smallpox, and other killer bugs. BY SCOTT GOTTLIEB

EBOLA VIRUS KILLS QUICKLY. It hails from a family of hemorrhagic fevers that trigger massive internal bleeding. Seven years ago, during an outbreak in Africa, doctors stumbled on a possible cure. Part of the idea came from a group of Russian virologists who had worked for years on even more malignant strains of the virus. They were searching for the perfect biological weapon when they realized that the reason some people survived Ebola was the ability of their immune systems to generate antibodies to the bug.

Doctors from the World Health Organization put the broader theory to work in the summer of 1995, when 300 cases of Ebola surfaced in Zaire. Virologists isolated the immune particles from the blood of survivors and infused them into dying victims. Seven of the eight people who received the cocktail survived. Now a California biotechnology company, Abgenix, is working with a branch of the U.S. Army to fabricate these antibodies on a large scale in the hopes of mass-producing a cure.

Our modern war footing is riding on the success of efforts like this. Ebola is on the short list of bioagents believed to be the preferred weapons of would-be terrorists, along with such deadly germs as smallpox, anthrax, and botulism. The expanded list includes about three dozen bugs. It will be difficult, if not impossible, to vaccinate even front-line troops against all these potential weapons. There's only one alternative: Doctors need stockpiles of off-the-shelf antidotes.

With that end in mind, the National Institutes of Health, the U.S. Army Medical Research Institute of Infectious Diseases, and the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency have been sprinkling grants on researchers with relevant technology. But most of these are earmarked for basic research aimed at proving concepts rather than producing antidotes and vaccines. The grants Abgenix got from the Army are small potatoes compared with the ventures the company pursues with its private partners. The government funding may leave us with some interesting scientific ideas, but it is woefully insufficient for producing and stockpiling drugs that can be deployed in the event of an attack.

The federal grants going directly to private biotechnology companies are also allocated for just one- or two-year increments. Typically, drug development requires cycles of five or more years. The private capital that's comfortable funding these long-term ventures isn't interested in companies working on bioterrorism. "Venture capitalists don't count that as a commercial opportunity" says George Painter, president and chief executive officer of Chimerix, a San Diego-based biotechnology start-up that is developing an oral formulation of an intravenous drug called Cidofovir. The drug is believed to be an effective treatment for smallpox, and a pill form would be a valuable addi-

Scott Gottlieb, an internist, is a resident fellow at the American Enterprise Institute and author of the Gilder Biotech Report.

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tion to national biodefense stockpiles. But Chimerix has had a hard time attracting capital to fund its endeavor. "When you work on bioterrorism, you're put in a different box. . . . It leaves you in limbo and puts your investors at risk," Painter says.

This is something that the New Jersey-based biotechnology company EluSys Therapeutics has also learned as it develops antibodies that could neutralize the deadly toxin that anthrax infection produces. These antibodies are being engineered to bind the anthrax toxin and could presumably be used for pre- and post-exposure—as prophylactic remedies or as treatments for active infection. The anthrax toxin causes its victims to suffer widespread inflammation and organ damage. To combat a wide-scale attack, doctors need a drug that could neutralize the toxin while it courses through a victim's blood. During the mail attacks last year, five of the eleven victims who reached the late stages of anthrax infection died despite the fact that they were treated with the antibiotic Cipro. The bacteria had already released an ample load of toxin.

None of these drugs will be available in the event Iraq unleashes bioweapons on American troops, and at current funding levels, none will be ready even in the next few years. Right now serious money from private investors wants no part of bioterrorism. There's no guarantee that companies will be able to sell successful products to the government, or that they'll be permitted to charge a fair price. There's also the possibility that companies will toil for five years to develop a countermeasure to one threat, while federal agencies will have already moved on to other worries. EluSys, for instance, recently received a grant for $2.8 million from the Army to accelerate the development of its antibody technology against anthrax toxin. But by most industry estimates, taking a complicated drug through preclinical development and getting it to the point where it can be tested in people can take $50 to $100 million.

The Bush administration's solution has been a series of crash programs managed by the Health and Human Services department and aimed at the most pressing needs. This includes smallpox vaccines, where HHS dangled a sizable grant before vaccine makers until Acambis stepped up to take the bid. By all measures, the program is a success—and now it's being duplicated to develop a safer and more effective recombinant anthrax vaccine. But nobody should expect this approach to be a cookie-cutter solution to all our biodefense needs. It only works where the technology is already in the later stages of development and it's just a matter of ramping up production.

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We need a private-sector industrial base to deal with all the other threats. Most biotechnology executives estimate that it takes a potential market of at least $500 million to coax investors into sinking money into a particular line of research. Right now, drugs aimed solely at bioterrorism don't come close to meeting this commercial justification. Senator Joseph Lieberman has offered legislation that would change some of these incentives. The bill extends patent protection on drugs developed to thwart bioweapons and would shield drug makers from liability if side effects emerged after drugs were used to mitigate an attack. It also provides tax incentives for companies conducting research into bioterror antidotes, and a guaranteed market for the products by compelling the government to stipulate in advance what it wants, what companies would be paid for a successful drug, and how much the government would stockpile. This creates a definable market.

The provisions are similar in spirit to the successful inducements offered to makers of orphan drugs that target rare diseases, where the potential payoffs are too small for companies to justify without special inducements. But Lieberman's bill will require the consideration of at least three congressional committees and sprinkles incentives on the drug industry at a time when pharmaceutical companies are in political limbo. "Nobody wants to be caught in the room discussing incentives with drug companies," said one Democratic staffer.

Maybe not, but the political choice here is stark—either work with the pharmaceutical industry or leave Americans unprepared for a bioterror attack. Antidotes to deadly bugs lack all the qualities that make a suitable market—among them a large and growing patient population that can be readily estimated and freedom to price. Right now, the best drug companies are loath to become federal contractors, leaving many government grants to be picked over by a collection of second-tier outfits. The one high-profile project the Defense Department has tried to manage on its own—the production of an anthrax vaccine—has been plagued with setbacks.

The best new drugs come out of entrepreneurial companies looking for profits. In this case, the profits will have to come from federal procurement programs. The sooner we get serious about funding them, the better. ♦

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Muscular Republicanism

Arnold Schwarzenegger's California dreamin'

By Matt Labash

Contra Costa, Calif.

Of all the assignments I've drawn over the years, none would seem to be as trifling as the one that has me standing on an airstrip, gulping gnats on a tropical October morning. At Buchanan Airfield in Concord, California, I await the arrival of a private jet, to follow a candidate who hasn't declared, for a race that is not being run.

It is one month out in the California gubernatorial election. The dull (incumbent Gray Davis, who in a rare flash of color said that Al Gore is his charisma adviser) is leading the desperate (Republican Bill Simon, who is on his fourth campaign manager and, a year into the campaign, is running "Do you know me?" ads). Like most Californians, who are famously allergic to politics, I want no part of either. Sixty-five percent of likely voters say they wish someone else were running, and the someone most often mentioned is the man for whom I'm inhaling large clouds of bugs: actor/humanitarian/Conan-the-Republican Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Arnold, or "Ahh-nuld" as he calls himself, is barnstorming the state to drum up support for Proposition 49, a ballot initiative that would increase access to after-school programs by making matching grants available for all K-9 public schools. It is not a celebrity sign-on project like the George Foreman Grill. It is Arnold-authored. The proposition's website is *joinarnold.com*. And its passage seems entirely dependent on the action star's cult of personality—not a bad thing in California, where neither "cult" nor "personality" is a word generally associated with Davis or Simon.

After flirting with running for governor last year, Arnold as recently as late September quashed speculation that he'd mount a last-minute write-in campaign, a rumor that was given oxygen when his own pollster quietly asked about potential write-in support in a Prop 49 poll. Indeed, the crowds and buzz Arnold generates at each stop feel less like an education forum for some down-ballot initiative, more like the early rumblings of a presidential campaign (though being president is not in the cards for a naturalized citizen from Graz, Austria, despite Schwarzenegger's joke that constitutions are made to be amended).

On the runway, I am joined by giddy members of the Contra Costa County Sheriff's Department. The Republicans among them fill me in on political topography. They tell me that the place they're taking Arnold for his event—Martinez—is the birthplace of the martini. But mostly, they do what California Republicans have done ever since Pete Wilson was term-limited out of the governor's mansion in 1998: complain about the complete abasement of the state Republican party. Republicans boast just one statewide officeholder, are a minority in both the legislature and congressional delegation, and are expected to stay that way for at least the next decade. One sheriff's department employee says things have gotten so bleak that the local Republican boss "is a 22-year-old college student who sounds like he's 12. It reminds me of when the Oakland A's were losing so badly that they had to sign a broadcast contract with a college station. We have absolutely no direction."

Of the current gubernatorial crop, one says, "I wouldn't vote for either of these guys. Both are nitwits." When asked about Schwarzenegger, he immediately perks up. A few weeks ago, he says, he accompanied Arnold to an editorial board meeting at the *Contra Costa Times*. "Arnold is sitting at one of these long tables in between a deputy publisher and an editor. These are salty dogs, whiskered editorial page folks. But at some point, I look up, and they've come out of their seats and they're doing high-fives across the table because Arnold is talking about doing *Terminator 4*."

Matt Labash is senior writer at The Weekly Standard.

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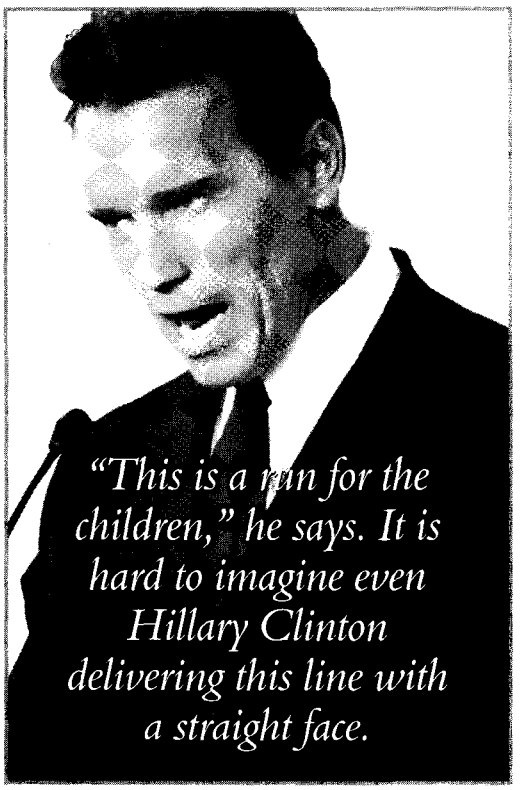
Sheriff Warren Rupf, who doubles as president of the California State Sheriffs' Association, says his organization, like every other law enforcement organization in the state, has endorsed Prop 49, since after-school programs curtail crime by keeping unsupervised juveniles off the street. His association has also endorsed Gray Davis, but when asked what they'd have done if Arnold were running, he says, "I'm glad we haven't had to make that choice." Rupf is tall and Germanic and strikes one as a serious man with a serious mustache and a serious firearm, but when speaking of Schwarzenegger, he sounds like a common groupie: "Arnold has a well-developed sense of humor, and a passion for doing things that are going to improve kids' chances to get ahead. As I told him, you're a hero—but not for the reasons you see on screen."

Just then, Schwarzenegger's plane lands. Even through the window of his Cessna Citation Excel, his jaws look as powerful as a Black Forest nutcracker. More compact than onscreen, his drum-tight skin is a suspiciously even bronze. His face is all sharp angles and symmetrical planes—a cinderblock with hair. His eyes serve as calipers, making you conscious of your own body fat. When he removes his jacket, showing his arms, even his veins have veins. As Pauline Kael once noted, he seems to have "hams implanted above his elbows."



Spying the sheriff as he descends from the plane, Arnold repeatedly roars a hearty "RRRupf!"—rolling the name around in his mouth like a Viennese confection. "I don't like when you're around," he tells the power-forward-sized sheriff, "because I don't like people who are bigger than I am." As Schwarzenegger's press secretary introduces us, I tell him I'll be a fly-on-the-wall for the day. Oh great, he says, rolling his eyes, "I sleep with a journalist [his wife, Maria Shriver]. I know what that means."

In a caravan, we depart for the sheriff's office for a press conference highlighting Prop 49. When Schwarzenegger arrives, he is mobbed by reporters, a scene you won't see replicated at a press conference for, say, Prop 46, a bond issue to refurbish low-income housing. Immediately, a television reporter cuts to the money question, since media types are more concerned about Arnold's gubernatorial prospects in 2006 than they are Prop 49's in 2002.

"Is this a run for governor?" she pants. Arnold squares up and fixes her with a most solemn gaze. "This is a run for the children," he says. It is hard to imagine even a gold-plated children-shiller like Hillary Clinton delivering this line with a straight face. Apparently, it is a bit much for Arnold as well. "Heh! Heh!" he says in my ear, throwing me a battering-ram nudge. "See how I got out of dat one." As I laugh involuntarily, the reporter skitters over, asking, "What did he say?" At first, I think she wants me to disclose Schwarzenegger's sotto voce comment. But it was his original reply she couldn't decipher. "I can't understand him," she complains.

Indeed, it has been 34 years since the 55-year-old Schwarzenegger left his native Austria with nothing more than a gym bag, washing up on our shores to take over the bodybuilding world, then the film world, and next, well, probably the world. But much as Texas politicians tend to talk like they've just taken a break from punching cattle, Arnold seems to have allowed his accent to grow stronger, another instance of his self-marketing genius. With his thick-tongued Styrian enunciations—the Austrian equivalent of a Mississippi accent—his "w's" become "v's," his "th's" become "d's," his diphthongs, dip-wrongs. Still, these Teutonic gutturals make for an oddly pleasing accent, freighting even throwaway utterances with extra comic punch that would allow Schwarzenegger to read the phone book, or even a Gray Davis speech, and still be entertaining.

Outside the station house, Arnold does a turn with the kids, who are standing in front of a construction mock-up of a miniature city, which they use for role-playing purposes in their after-school program. Fishing pieces of paper out of a bowl, on which are scrawled various issues (auto theft, vandalism), the kids discuss how they would address these problems if they were sheriff for a day. I ask one 9-year-old aspiring Smoky how she'd eliminate graffiti. "Get more, like, after-school programs

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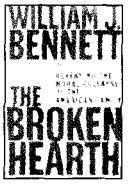

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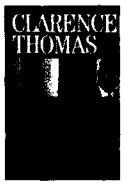

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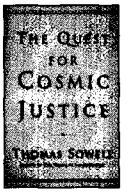

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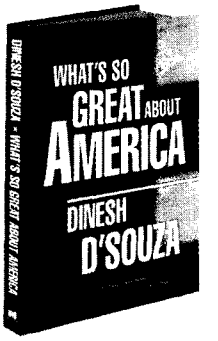

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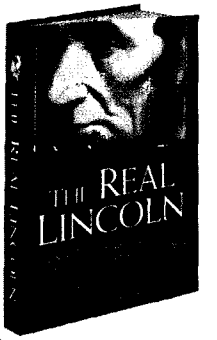

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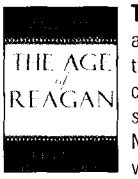

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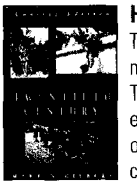

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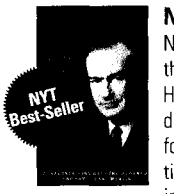

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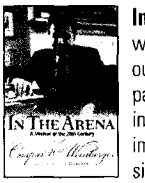

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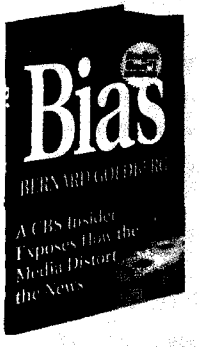

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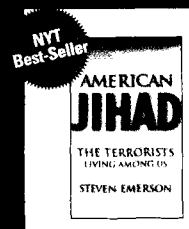

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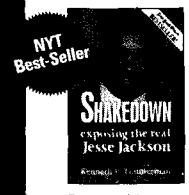

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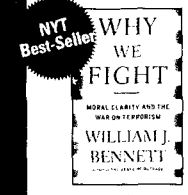

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that kids can go to," she says. As at most top-shelf political gatherings, the props have been well coached. Another is asked if she knows who Arnold is. "Yeah, he's that guy from *Kindergarten Cop*," she says, admitting that she's not allowed to watch his R-rated fare. "I like violence!" chips in the one slightly off-message child. (While one estimate says 383 people have died in his films, Arnold, who now has four kids of his own, has made a pronounced effort in recent years to take on lower-body-count projects.)

After the grip'n'grins, Arnold disappears into a back room to meet with local law enforcement types. Journalists are barred, but as the fly-on-the-wall, I'm permitted entry. By way of explanation, Arnold interrupts what he's saying to point me out and announce, "He's a fly on de wall." "Then why'd you introduce him?" asks one officer. Another suggests I get swatted.

Once inside, I expect to see deals being made, territories divvied, supplicants lobbying the future governor for patronage jobs for their idiot brothers-in-law. Instead, they are pumping him for information about the upcoming *Terminator 3*. One official commiserates that costly special effects eat through most of the budget. "Yah, they spend all the money, I get nothing," offers Arnold, who's actually getting $30 million. As the advance team second-guess themselves, I am asked to leave. "Now what are you doing?" Arnold asks his people. "Why are you taking the fly off de vall?" I tell him I shouldn't be privy to such sensitive conversations. "Yeah, right," he scoffs self-deprecatingly.

When Arnold disappears into the back room, I expect to see deals being made. Instead, they are pumping him for info about "Terminator 3."

Stepping into the Prop 49 campaign is like falling into a Pete Wilson time warp. For though it is a feel-good proposition—being for after-school care is as politically risky as being against eating puppies—Arnold is leaving nothing to chance, and has hired a crackerjack staff. Besides spokeswoman Sheri Annis, a veteran of the more contentious campaigns for Prop 227 (eliminating bilingual education) and Prop 209 (eliminating race and gender-based preferences in government hiring), the rest of the brain trust are Wilson veterans.

Wilson himself is one of the campaign's co-chairs. Don Sipple, Wilson's former media guy, is now Arnold's ad man. Also advising Schwarzenegger are Wilson's former chief of staff Bob White and Wilson's former policy cruncher Paul Miner, who does the same for Arnold. Overseeing it all is George Gorton, Wilson's campaign manager, who not only steered Wilson to victory in four statewide races but made a name for himself as part of the mercenary team of American advisers who helped Boris Yeltsin win Russia's second democratic election (albeit through heavy use of undemocratic, state-controlled media).

The difference between working for Yeltsin and working for Arnold, says Gorton, is that Yeltsin was "an alcoholic, surrounded by aristocratic, arrogant, and mostly corrupt people." Arnold, he says, "is the nicest guy I ever met." In fact, when Arnold found out Gorton's wife (also a political consultant) was an amateur actress, without Gorton's asking, Arnold screen-tested her for *Terminator 3* and gave her a bit part. This is not to suggest that one of the state's most formidable campaign teams has gone showbiz. "Dude," warns Arnold's policy director Paul Miner, "if you call us 'an entourage,' you're off the f—ing plane."

While these staffers insist they have not discussed a Schwarzenegger 2006 gubernatorial run (even though Gorton was hired shortly before Arnold announced he wouldn't run this cycle), it would take a pretty naive customer to believe that all these gunslingers just want to pass after-school care for the kids. For irony-seekers, there is the added bonus that the same group that promoted the divisive Prop 187 (cutting services for illegal aliens) is now in place to grease the skids for the first immigrant governor of "Cal-ee-for-nee-ahhh," as Arnold says.

If there is a whiff of place-holding and trial-ballooning about the whole enterprise, Schwarzenegger, it should be noted, is not an Arnie-come-lately to children's issues. Over the last 20 years, he has done extensive work with the Special Olympics, served as chairman

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of the President's Council on Physical Fitness for the first President Bush, and in 1995 co-founded the Inner-City Games Foundation, an after-school program for over 200,000 kids. Comb Arnold stories through the years, and a natural progression is evident, from the lubed-up bodybuilder who in the 1970s said, "Modesty is not a word that applies to me in any way," to today's Arnold who says, "There's a time when it's always just me, me, me. But all of the sudden, when you break the mirror in front of you, you want to reach out and help other people."

At the press conference, Arnold proves that's he's more than just a heavily muscled piece of meat. He shows mastery of budgetary minutiae. He recasts what could be a conservative critique—that he is advocating expansion of government in a sagging economy—to fit into his socially liberal (he's pro-choice and favors "sensible" gun control), fiscally conservative philosophy. He marshals studies showing that the state will save money in crime prevention, emphasizing that funding for his initiative will only be triggered after the state is in better financial health.

Arnold thrusts and parries and plays to the crowd. When a reporter asks about token opposition from groups like the League of Women Voters, he counters by pulling out a list (running 12 pages) of endorsing groups across the political spectrum, then threatens to read the entire thing. Another interlocutor tries to thump him for his violent films. Arnold counters that he can influence kids for good as a result of his action-star perch, then he shamelessly plugs *Collateral Damage*, just released on DVD. By the end of the speech, the man a *Playboy* magazine writer once called "one of the more finely tuned control freaks that I have met in a career of celebrity interviews" is actually thanking the media for their support. Suddenly, what could have been a journalistic feeding frenzy has turned into a trip to the petting zoo for Arnold. By press conference's end, fierce political reporters are applauding, getting their bellies scratched like they're on a John McCain bus tour.

But reporters aren't the only Republican-resistant constituency Arnold appears to be capable of charming. As we travel to the *San Jose Mercury News* so that he can lobby for an editorial board endorsement, I get parked in the lobby. Here, I conduct an unscientific focus group with the women in classified advertising, one of whom is a Democrat who actually says, upon being informed that Arnold is here, "Oh, I've got to look pretty then." Of the women I speak with, six say that if Arnold were running for governor today, they'd vote for him, two are undecided, and one wouldn't vote for him, since she's convinced he hates Hispanics, though she can't recall why.

When Schwarzenegger exits the meeting, I inform him things are looking good for a run, though he might have creeping negatives among Latinos. But he has other things on his mind. Though the editorial board meeting seemed to go well, he doesn't care. "Every one of them could go by and hit me in the head. But if they endorse [the proposition], it's fine with me. Sometimes you have the most fun time, and then you don't get the endorsement—they screw you, you know."

After a short hop to Sacramento, Schwarzenegger displays yet another political gift: the ability to appear authentic even in the treacliest settings. He has come to the North Area Teen Center to sell his proposition by doing what all politicians do, and most don't do very well: pandering to children. The center, which sits next to a Tae Kwon Do studio in a strip mall, is a veritable Potemkin village of wholesome teen and preteen after-school activity.

From the overstuffed couches to the ping pong and pool tables, from the tutor-stocked computer labs, to the old-school soda fountain, it seems the kind of place Archie and Jughead would've gone to if they'd been latchkey kids. Arnold snakes around the television area, where teenagers are obligatorily watching *Kindergarten Cop*, and decides to join some 10th graders in a spirited foosball game.

The rule of thumb in such situations is to exert effort, but let the kids win, then give an oafish aren't-I-a-big-doofus chuckle before patting them on the head, offering a strained metaphor for whatever you're peddling, and moving on to the next prop. But Arnold grabs the two middle handles, and starts taking it at the goalie, blocking all his clearing shots, stuffing him like a Christmas turkey. Finally, after toying with him a bit, he sinks a lightning-quick pull shot, and though I expect him to finish off the kid with one of his trademark corny one-liners (something like "Milk is for babies, men drink beer"), he just lets the kid suck on defeat, giving him the same canary-eating grin that he gave the vanquished Lou Ferrigno during the 1977 Mr. Universe documentary *Pumping Iron*.

Arnold then makes his way over to a busy circle of high schoolers, who look up from their algebra. He asks them if they like doing homework. They do. "You do?" he asks. "I'll admit it, when I was your age, I hated it. But my moth-ahh would spend time with me, saying read out loud. When I stopped, with a yahhhhd-stick, she would hit me over de head. Do you know how fast I read again? I was reading so fast, let me tell you."

Arnold is merely stressing that kids, left to their own

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devices, will often become the degenerates that places like the teen center are funded to prevent. Still, seeing him careen into the third-rail of corporal punishment is somewhat refreshing, even if the program director's jaw seems to drop when she asks if he is advocating yardstick beatings. "No," he says, "times have changed, but I mean in those days, it was a very physical situation. . . . But you know something? It helped me. Keep up the good work, okay, see you, bye-bye."

Throughout the day, most of our chatting gets done on Arnold's time-shared private jets. His press secretary, Sheri Annis, says this is one of the many luxuries she didn't see when working on prior proposition efforts. For other campaigns, she *was* the organization, planning everything down to hanging bunting off the podium. "One reporter would show up," she says, "and we were damn happy to have him." Arnold's proposition campaign has raised $8 million—the first million of which came from him. (By comparison, Bill Simon's campaign has only $4 million on hand for the rest of the election.)

In the middle of our travels, we switch from the smaller Citation Excel to a lavish Gulfstream IV-SP, the world's premier large-cabin jet. It comes with gold-fitted drink holders, walnut paneling, even a roll-top wooden drawer concealing the toilet paper in the lavatory. The leather seats are so buttery smooth that the captain says the cows from which they were borrowed were "better than free range. They never got in any scuffs or discussions."

Throughout the day, there is all sorts of rather unpolitician-like behavior from Arnold. When he lights up a stogie, and I ask him what brand, knowing that he has visited the Partagas factory in Havana, everyone falls silent. "Freebies," says his policy director Paul Miner, "that's his brand." "Like a gifted horse," adds Arnold, "you don't look it in the mouth."

There is also, over a day's course, a fair amount of good-natured hazing. When a stewardess goofs his meal order, he turns to me and calls her "a forehead" (his term of endearment for the not-so-bright). When a staffer suggests I take off my suit jacket to make myself more comfortable, Arnold booms, in his best Hans & Franz voice: "I think he has a shitty bod-eee; I think he's really worried to take off de jacket."

About his gubernatorial ambitions, Schwarzenegger is circumspect since he doesn't want to step on the publicity he's generating for Prop 49. He's been getting pushed to run for governor, he says, ever since he rocketed to fame in the late seventies, when friends fantasized that he'd go up against Jane Fonda in a celebrity death match. These days, columnists are trying to promote a 2006 face-off with Rob Reiner, aka Meathead from *All in the Family*. Further evidencing Arnold's cross-partisan appeal, when I call Meathead's people, they tell me Reiner has such high regard for Arnold that he donated $5,000 to his Prop 49 campaign.

Of the speculation Arnold says, "I pay no attention to it." But then he turns around and says, "Even though I would like to say, 'of course it would be great for me to be governor,' I don't say it, because people misinterpret. That would be the story the next day on the news, and the kids would suffer because nobody's promoting their after-school program."

When the Prop 49 campaign is over, he says, "Then I can talk about it with the press and not worry about it. . . . One thing I know for sure is that if I would've been able to run [this year], I would've." But that would have meant bailing on contractual film obligations, which would have forced producer friends to sue him. "You would've seen the ads," he says: "'If this is how he treats his friends, how can we leave him in charge of the economy?'" When I ask what the numbers were like on his pollster's trial balloon, asking if voters would support a write-in candidacy, most of Arnold's people conveniently claim not to know, though Arnold himself mischievously mouths "very big."

For advice on how to dodge questions about his political future, Arnold has turned to Maria Shriver, who once told her Kennedy kin: "Don't look at [Arnold] as a Republican, look at him as the man I love. And if that doesn't work, look at him as someone who can squash you." His wife, he says, gives him eloquently simple advice: "She said, 'Don't screw up.' I said, 'How can I make sure of that?' She said, 'Don't talk.'"

It's not the first time he's turned to the Shrivers for guidance. While he considers himself a true-blue Republican, he says his wife's parents, Sargent and Eunice of Peace Corps and Special Olympics fame, are his "biggest allies." His mother-in-law, he says, serves as a clipping service—constantly sending him articles and book chapters. She even critiques his *Tonight Show* appearances, pointing out when he drops the ball, playing something for laughs when he could have launched into a serious discussion of the issues. As for their spirited dinner-table debates, he says, "I can't fill you in. Then I'd have to call Eunice and ask if I can give away the statements she makes. They're quite outrageous sometimes. I mean, they should have a fly on dat wall."

While he takes some pointers from the in-laws—he calls Kennedy wordsmith Robert Shrum a "buddy," who has sometimes lent a hand on speeches—Arnold clouds

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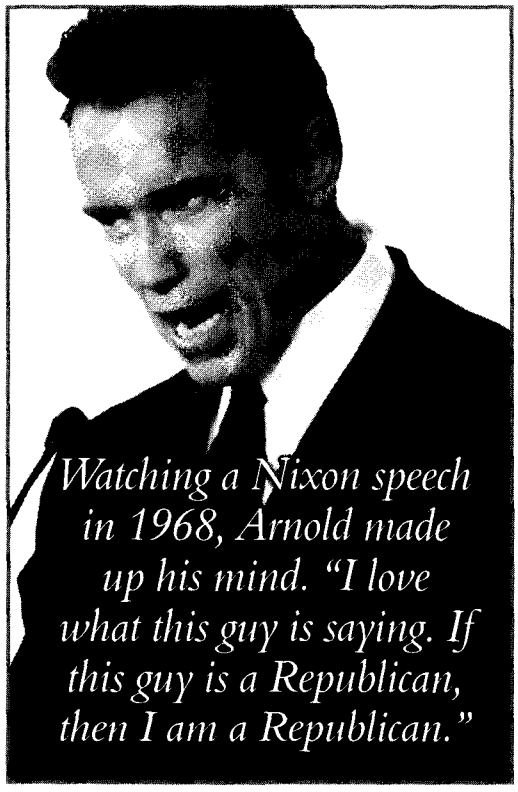
over when I ask if he'd be eligible for the largesse of the Kennedy fund-raising machine if he ran. He says he doesn't need their money, "or anything else. I never asked them for anything, and never will. I have my own team, and I'm very happy with the team. I always go for the top of the line in everything I do."

The team, of course, does not say publicly that they wish for Simon to lose, clearing the way for Arnold (in fact campaign manager Gorton says he hopes Simon wins). While admitting that Simon is not a friend (Arnold campaigned for Richard Riordan, Simon's primary opponent), when it comes to poor-mouthing feckless Republicans, Arnold takes his wife's advice. His political strategy is much like his acting method, which he describes as "banging it out." What do Republicans need to do to gain statewide office? "Win," he says.



Watching a Nixon speech in 1968, Arnold made up his mind. "I love what this guy is saying. If this guy is a Republican, then I am a Republican."

Arnold the Republican is sometimes compared to Ronald Reagan because of their showbiz pedigrees, but there was one reason Arnold signed on with the GOP: Richard Nixon. While watching a Nixon speech in 1968, one which a friend translated because Arnold's English was still so spotty, his friend told him, "He's a Republican—it's the wrong party." But listening to Nixon advocate a stronger military, "getting the government off our back," and opening up trade, "I said, 'No, I love what this guy is saying. If this guy is a Republican, then I am a Republican." He told the story to Nixon some years later, and naturally, Nixon adored it. Here, Arnold lapses into a perfect Nixon impression (the best acting he's done since 1988's *Twins*): "You'd make a great politician. If you ever run for governor, you have my help."

It's a little late to get Nixon's help, but if he runs in 2006, Schwarzenegger might still enjoy a big push from on high. Last year when asked to speculate about a possible Arnold candidacy, presidential adviser Karl Rove sounded enthusiastic, telling the *New York Times*, "That would be nice. That would be really nice. That would be really, really nice."

Arnold could face a major impediment, however. Last year, stories in both the *National Enquirer* and *Premiere* magazine alleged that Arnold had been grabby with some British television hostesses while promoting a film ("Kindergarten Cop-a-Feel" chimed one tabloid), as well as engaging in some more sustained extramarital shenanigans. With an Arnold run rumored to be imminent, Gray Davis's campaign manager, Garry South, wasted no time faxing the articles to reporters, with the inscription, "a real touching story." Arnold nixed running shortly thereafter, leading many to speculate that it was these stories, and not contractual concerns, that kept him out of the gubernatorial race.

I have deliberately saved questions on this matter for the last leg of our trip back to Los Angeles, not wishing to get pummeled like a girly man, or (more important) to get tossed from the plane and stranded in Sacramento. But strapped into his seat, eating a plate of fruit, Arnold cavalierly and forthrightly beats me to the subject. Explaining how entertainment reporters, unlike political reporters, rarely want to do him in, he turns to his press secretary saying, "Except for, you know—what's that magazine that wrote that shitty article about me? *Premiere*—yah." Of the Davis campaign manager's blast faxes, he says, "First of all, I didn't expect anything less from Garry South." But still, he says, the fact that they thought of him "as so much of a threat" was "incredible" and probably a good indication of "how [South] feels about his candidate."

As for the charges, Arnold says they are outlandish and untrue. Much of the *Premiere* reporting contains background sniping. Many of the named grousees were in strangely public situations that would have seemed reckless even by Clintonian standards if Arnold had been committing actual lechery, instead of harmless flirtations in bad taste. For instance, Denise Van Outen, onetime host of Great Britain's *Big Breakfast* show, in which she interviewed guests in a bed, was openly flirtatious with Arnold, saying, "You grabbed my breast," then adding, "I really like it. Go on, have another go." To which Arnold replied, "It was a handful. I never know if my wife's watching. I'll tell her it was a stuntman."

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There were also examples of more piggish behavior—for instance, Arnold supposedly groped *Terminator* co-star Linda Hamilton in a limo in front of her boyfriend/director James Cameron, and a visitor to the set of one of his films is supposed to have happened on him in his trailer, orally gratifying someone other than his wife. Arnold says these are fantasies. After the *Premiere* piece, numerous celebrities, including Hamilton and Cameron, wrote letters to the editor claiming the charges were "pure fiction" (the reporter stood by his story).

Schwarzenegger says that the charges were so outrageous that "half of it in there, right off the top, my wife didn't believe," so "I don't have to explain that much to her." To take the trailer incident as an example, he says, "When someone said [they] walked into my trailer, and I was eating a chick in the living room, [Maria] knows I'm not that stupid, number one. Number two, I have two guards standing out at all times in front of my trailer so no one could walk in. . . . That already makes the story not credible."

"That does not mean I'm not guilty of some of this stuff," he says, referring to his well-earned reputation for having a ribald sense of humor. "In the last few years," he says, "I've toned it down because it has become a different world now, because of the sexual harassment. . . . You do things that someone today may take as [going] too far." Then, with a Mephistophelean smirk, he adds, "But no one that has been around me would believe that a woman would be complaining about me holding her."

Schwarzenegger says that the charges were so outrageous that "half of it in there, right off the top, my wife didn't believe."

At this point, antsy handlers pull Arnold to the front of the plane for "planning," but not before he promises, "I'll be back." And not before he praises George W. Bush. While Arnold is a little skeptical about Bush's designs on Iraq (though not enough to elaborate, since there's no mention of regime change in Prop 49), he says of the president, "He's a great guy, I think he's learned a lot." While people initially thought Bush unqualified, "He's proven otherwise. It's always good to be underestimated."

That is not something likely to happen with Arnold's political future. Since state GOP chair Shawn Steel is one of the last men in California who believes Simon can win (thus fouling an Arnold run in 2006), he is already pushing Schwarzenegger to consider challenging Senator Barbara Boxer in two years. Staying out of this year's race, say some of the state's top Republican strategists, was one of the smartest plays Arnold could make. "You don't want to be governor next year," says one. "The budget's a mess, they're going to have to raise taxes, the governor is going to have a very rough year."

Meanwhile, says Steel, Arnold is building a statewide political profile by pushing a win-win proposition that helps kids without raising taxes, he's assembled one of the best political teams around, and he's building up IOU's by making appearances for Republicans. All of this, says Steel, means "he's ideally positioned to do whatever he wants."

Of Arnold's pro-choice stance—which he makes no bones about—one influential Republican says this will actually help him in a general election, and wouldn't hurt him much in a primary. "It will upset about 20 to 40 percent of our base, but because he's a celebrity, there's going to be a huge forgiveness factor. If Simon loses, Davis will have been at it for eight years, and by then we'll look more economically socialist than Sweden, so the base will be ready for anything."

Regarding the Davis and Simon campaigns, which have been fraught with ethical lapses and strategic bungles, the mood has probably best been captured by Lyn Nofziger, a California hand from the Reagan years, whom the Simon campaign once billed as an adviser (Nofziger, understandably, denies it). Californians, he wrote, "can reelect an inept, corrupt incumbent Democrat named Gray Davis. Or they can elect an inept, weak, and not very bright Republican named Bill Simon. Take your pick. But be smart. Bet on Davis. Simon is too dumb to win."

As for Arnold, the more evidence accrues, the more it seems Californians could do worse than having Schwarzenegger as their governor. From the looks of things this cycle, they already have. ♦

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A Beautiful Friendship?

What France sees in Iraq

By Michel Gurfinkiel

Modern France's love affair with Iraq was fleetingly foreshadowed in the year 803, when Harun ar-Rashid, legendary Abbassid caliph of Baghdad, sent an embassy to the equally famous emperor Charlemagne, ruler of the Franks. It seemed a promising beginning: The caliph's gifts to the emperor included unbreakable Damascene swords, a clepsydra, and an elephant. Nevertheless, many centuries would pass before the two countries came into regular contact. In the meantime, the Mongol invaders of the 13th century would burn Iraq's ancient cities, ruin the irrigation system along the Tigris and Euphrates, and put 90 percent of its people to the sword. Even in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, when the French were active in many Arab lands—the Maghreb, Egypt, Syria, and Lebanon—they stayed out of Iraq, an Ottoman province and preserve of the Germans until 1917, when it fell into the hands of the British as a nominally independent Hashemite monarchy. Only after the Iraqi republican revolution of 1958, the most brutal and bloody coup ever carried out in an Arab country, did the relationship change. The Soviet Union replaced Britain as the most influential foreign power in Baghdad, and France came close behind it.

"Don't you see?" retorted de Gaulle. "We have traded . . . the limited oil of the Sahara for the much more plentiful oil of Arabia."

Two men saw to this. The first was President Charles de Gaulle. Leader of the Resistance during World War II, General de Gaulle had made a political comeback in 1958 and set up the Fifth Republic, dedicated to the rebirth of France as a great power. That entailed modernizing the economy at home and challenging the postwar division of the world between the superpowers, the United States and the Soviet Union—in particular, challenging the United States as the paramount Western power.

One way to advance both goals was to support Third World nationalism. In less than four years, de Gaulle transformed the old colonial empire in Africa into a loose constellation of client-states, making possible new links with other countries, notably in the Arab world. To a Conservative member of the National Assembly who lamented the transfer of the oil-rich Sahara to independent Algeria in 1962, de Gaulle retorted: "Don't you see we have traded Grandpa's empire for the much broader empire of the future, and the limited oil of the Sahara for the much more plentiful oil of Arabia?"

There was some logic to this, except that the richest Arab or Islamic oil countries—from Libya to Saudi Arabia to Iran, monarchies all—remained very much under Anglo-Saxon influence. Iraq, however, seemed to present an opportunity. The revolutionary regime had started to expropriate the assets of the former colonial oil company, the largely Anglo-American Iraq Petroleum Company. Could Iraq be brought into the French orbit? De Gaulle was confident that even the Americans would not object, eager as they were to prevent a Soviet takeover. But then, who was in charge in Baghdad? The new regime was ridden with coups and intrigues. Kassem, the first republican leader, was overthrown and put to death in 1963. There was a succession of further nationalist rulers, either followers of Nasser or supporters of the more dogmatic Baath party—hardly the strong and stable leadership that France would need to deal with.

The man who came to de Gaulle's aid at this juncture was the historian and military expert Jacques Benoist-Méchin. A most unlikely go-between,

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Benoist-Méchin was ostensibly de Gaulle's very opposite. During World War II, he had not merely sided with Marshall Philippe Pétain's Vichy régime over de Gaulle's Free French, but had explicitly supported Hitler's New Order in Europe. He would even report in his *Memoirs* that he had warned Hitler, in the course of an interview in Berlin in 1942, about some of his strategic decisions; and commented that the Führer had "unfortunately" not heeded his advice. De Gaulle, however, was not one to classify people by conventional criteria. Above all, he admired Benoist-Méchin's great *History of the German Army Since the Armistice*, first published in 1938, which explained how the *Reichswehr*, the Weimar Republic's rump-army, had been turned into an elite corps paving the way for Hitler's *Wehrmacht*. In fact, de Gaulle's first order, upon taking over the Ministry of War as head of the National Liberation Government of France in 1944, had been to have the book reissued and distributed to the officers of the resurrected French army. As for its author, de Gaulle could not spare him some measure of punishment, but made sure he would survive. Benoist-Méchin was sentenced to death for treason by France's High Court of Justice in June 1947, only to be reprieved almost at once and sent back to his studies.

Benoist-Méchin became as strong a supporter of de Gaulle's anti-Anglo-Saxon policies as he had been of Pétain's. And he knew the Middle East almost as well as he knew Germany. He had written the first—and to this day, the best—biographies of Mustafa Kemal and Ibn Saud ever published in French, and was a confidant of most Arab leaders, from King Hassan II of Morocco to Nasser. But his ties with Iraq were even stronger. In September 1941, while serving as a senior assistant to the vice president of the Vichy government, he had engineered a bilateral agreement allowing Germany to transfer weapons through the then French-controlled territory of Syria to Rashid Ali, the pro-Axis Iraqi leader who had just toppled the pro-British regent, Abdullilah, and his prime minister, Nuri Said. The German weapons transfer did not materialize, as a month later, the Free French wrested Syria from the Vichy French, and the British restored the regent in Iraq. But Rashid Ali's people never forgot how helpful Benoist-Méchin had been prepared to be. Many of them were sacked, but those who managed to stay in the Iraqi armed forces were active in the 1958 revolution. They soon got in touch with their old friend, who in turn introduced them to the appropriate people at the Quai d'Orsay, the French Foreign Office. It was then that de Gaulle summoned Benoist-Méchin himself to the Elysée Palace. "Iraq really is the key to your Arab policy," the former Vichy official would recall telling the president. "Its oil reserves are second only to Saudi Arabia's. And the most reliable people in Iraq are the Baathists."

De Gaulle resigned in 1969, not long after Saddam Hussein, the cleverest and most ruthless of all the Baathists, came to power. Saddam was to bring his country stability, albeit by totalitarian means. And he had a soft spot for France. His uncle and surrogate father, Khairallah Tulfah, had been involved in the Rashid Ali coup. The contacts initiated by Benoist-Méchin eventually led to full-fledged accords negotiated under de Gaulle's successor, Georges Pompidou. It fell to Jacques Chirac—one of Pompidou's most trusted assistants and ministers until 1974; then, under Pompidou's successor, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, prime minister of France from 1974 to 1976—to formalize these agreements in treaties and contracts.

Of course, it would be absurd to claim that Gaullist France had deliberately armed Iraq, much less provided it with weapons of mass destruction. France was simply advancing its national interests. Once the Iraqis promised not to build nuclear weapons, it wasn't up to Paris to determine whether or not they were secretly taking steps to turn the Osirak civilian nuclear reactor into a military facility. Earlier French governments had not been fussy about how the Israelis were using their French-built reactor at Dimona, in the Negev desert. And the same Gaullist or post-Gaullist governments that negotiated with Saddam Hussein's Iraq were engaged in parallel talks and accords, even over nuclear facilities, with the shah's Iran, Iraq's rival for hegemony in the Persian Gulf. As for Chirac himself, he was not responsible for the most consequential step taken by France regarding Iraq in nuclear matters: the decision to provide Iraq enriched plutonium. That decision was made by his successor as prime minister, Raymond Barre. In the end, only one of the six planned shipments was carried out.

In 1981, the Israelis felt sufficiently threatened by Iraq to destroy the Osirak reactor in one of the most daring airborne raids in history. By then, the shah had been replaced by the Ayatollah Khomeini's Islamic Republic of Iran, and Saddam Hussein had invaded this new neighbor. The French, who had just elected a Socialist president, François Mitterrand, for the first time in 27 years, wondered whether they should continue the relationship with Iraq. One reason not to was that Saddam was an unreliable customer. Most French companies involved with Iraq were actually getting paid by Coface, the French government agency that backs export contracts. Still, there was the prospect that Iraq might win the war with Iran and, with its enormous oil resources, become the dominant

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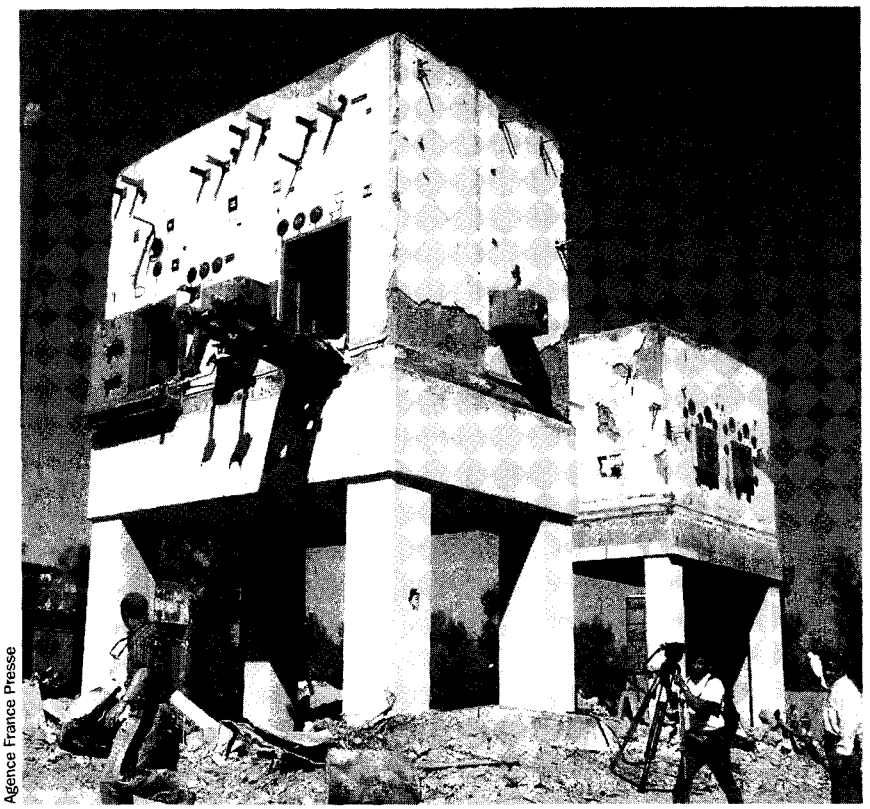

Agence France Presse

Nonproliferation, Israeli style: ruins of Iraq's French-built Osirak nuclear plant

power in the Middle East. Moreover, solidarity with Baghdad, cemented by the high-profile cooperation and commercial contracts of the 1970s, had become quite popular with the French public. Gaullists saw it as part of France's sacrosanct "Arab policy," a legacy from the general, as well as a personal achievement of Chirac. The Communists, still a significant political force in the 1980s, were supportive of the generally pro-Soviet Iraqi regime. The anti-American left, a rising force within the Socialist party, saw Saddam as an "anti-imperialist leader" and even as a "secularist bulwark" against Shiite fundamentalism. The Catholic church had contacts of its own with Tariq Aziz, Saddam Hussein's Christian foreign minister. Anti-Semites and anti-Zionists of all stripes, including latter-day Vichy loyalists, were enthusiastic, too. Mitterrand eventually agreed to resume and even upgrade French cooperation with Iraq, both supplying weapons and entering into industrial partnerships. By 1989, when Saddam Hussein finally defeated Khomeini, about $10 billion worth of French arms had been delivered to Iraq, of which less than $5 billion had been paid for. And Iraq-related orders accounted for about half of all French arms production.

Saddam's invasion of Kuwait a year later only rekindled the debate. Was Iraq to be fought—or supported? A significant part of French opinion, from the hard left to the far right, stood by Iraq. Its champion, the Socialist defense minister, Jean-Pierre Chevènement, resigned from the cabinet rather than condone military intervention. An even larger share of the public was inclined to neutrality. Mitterrand, however, joined the American-led international coalition for the liberation of Kuwait (not without engaging in last-minute negotiations with Baghdad), as well as the smaller coalition that later forced Iraqi air forces out of Kurdistan and southern Iraq. He did this out of sheer realpolitik. It was obvious to him that Iraq was no match for the United States and that the old Gaullist strategy made no sense now that the Cold War was over and the Soviet Union was disintegrating. It no longer served the national interest of France to challenge America, but to be among the winners and so have a say in the final settlement, whatever it might be.

Nearly a dozen years later, little has changed in this regard. For all its anti-American rhetoric, France actively supported U.S. military endeavors all around the globe throughout the 1990s, be it in Bosnia, in Kosovo, or in Afghanistan. The rationale is still to be seen as a peer of the one and only superpower—and incidentally to keep in touch with the superpower's ever-improving military technology and training. Regarding Iraq, France now confronts an ironic situation: Iraq was crushed in 1991, as Mitterrand foresaw it would be, but George Bush and then Bill Clinton allowed Saddam to survive. The only sensible response for the French was to keep their distance. Now that a new American president, George W. Bush, seems serious about getting rid of the Baathist dictatorship, things may change again. France, too, has a new president—the very Jacques Chirac who helped Pompidou and Giscard cement the Iraqi-French relationship in the 1970s. French public opinion is arguably more pro-Iraq or neutralist than ever, if only because of France's growing Islamic population. But Chirac's own position is more subtle. In recent months, he has repeatedly expressed concern about a "preventive war" against Iraq not "authorized" by the United Nations or the world community. Still, unlike the neutralist German chancellor, Gerhard Schröder, he has not ruled out war as such. That would be to step onto the sidelines, and France must be a great power at any cost. ♦

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You deserve a factual look at...

Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank")

Can Israel survive without it?

Many people believe that the "conflict" between Israel and the Palestinians could be resolved if Israel were to consent to the creation of Palestinian state in Gaza and in all or most of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank"). Even our president has advocated this outcome, contingent on the "good behavior" of the Palestinians. But would the creation of such a state be a solution to the conflict or, just as the Oslo Accord, another illusion that would exacerbate the conflict, rather than terminate it?

What are the facts?

The Root of the conflict. The conflict between Israel and the Arabs is not about borders and not about the Palestinians. The conflict is not about the size of Israel. It is about Israel's very existence. Israel, of whatever size and within whatever boundaries, is unacceptable to the Arabs. In surrendering strategic territory, Israel is gambling with its very life. The PLO still adheres to its infamous "phased plan." It calls for first creating a Palestinian state on any territory vacated by Israel and then using that state to foment a final allied Arab assault against the truncated Jewish state.

The Importance of territory. Many believe that in this age of missiles, territory is of little importance and that Israel should therefore not hesitate to relinquish "land for peace." But that is not the case. The Arab states have acquired over $50 billion of the most advanced armaments since the end of the Gulf War. And those are not just "conventional" weapons—enormous quantities of tanks, aircraft of all kinds, and much more. The Arab state possess large arsenals of chemical and biological weapons, and all of them work feverishly on the development of their nuclear potential. All of those weapons have only one single purpose: the destruction of the state of Israel. And that goal is not being cancelled for any agreements that Israel may make with the Palestinians. For both "conventional" war and for war of mass destruction, territory and topography are critical for self-defense and deterrence. The mountainous territory of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") is an indispensable line of defense, especially for a country as small as Israel. It totally controls access to Israel's heartland from the east. Israel needs this high ground for defense, to be able to peer deeply into the enemy's territory and to get early warning of any attack. The high ground allows Israel to detect missiles while they are still in the launch stage and to destroy them, with the Arrow or other sophisticated anti-missile systems. Unlike the U.S., Israel cannot maintain a fleet of nuclear submarines for "second strike" deterrence. But it can maintain dozens of mobile missile launchers safe in underground tunnels hewn into the rock of the Judean mountains.

> "Without Judea/Samaria (the 'West Bank') Israel would be totally indefensible; therefore, neither the purposes of Israel nor those of the United States would be served by Israel's relinquishing control of the 'West Bank'."

Would the "West Bank" be demilitarized? Even those who want Israel to retreat to its pre-1967 borders are agreed that the evacuated areas must be demilitarized. But that would be useless. Because the Palestinians will have thousands of trained soldiers, camouflaged as their police force. In case of war against Israel, these troops could be helicoptered in minutes to their positions, with armored forces reaching them within the same night. In any case, it is highly doubtful that the surrounding hostile Arab nations would allow such a military vacuum to exist. And finally, there is the matter of terrorism. There are over fifteen Palestinian terror organizations that neither Yassir Arafat nor any other Palestinian authority can control. There would be a constant rain of Katyusha rockets launched into the Tel Aviv area and into the entire coastal plain, which is only nine miles wide at its waist. It contains 80% of Israel's population and of its industrial and military potential. Ben Gurion airport, every incoming and outgoing flight, would be subject to mortar fire or shoulder-held Stinger attack. Does anybody doubt that the Arabs would not exploit that irresistible opportunity?

Without the "West Bank" Israel would be totally indefensible. That is the professional opinion of over 100 U.S. generals and admirals. Israel's strong defensive posture makes it most inadvisable for Israel's enemies to attack her. But once this defensive strength is removed, a coordinated war against Israel can only be a matter of time. The example and fate of Czechoslovakia, which preparatory to the Second World War was dismantled and shorn of its defensive capacity, insistently comes to mind. What does all this mean to the United States? In a part of the world in which our country has the most far-reaching geopolitical stakes, Israel is the only democracy, the only country that is unquestioningly aligned with us. It is the guarantor of American interests in the area. With Israel in a position of weakness, the role of the United States in the area would collapse and radical states such as Syria, Iraq and Iran would dominate. That is why, despite the heady prospect of "peace in our time," neither the purposes of Israel nor those of the United States would be served by Israel's relinquishing control over the "West Bank."

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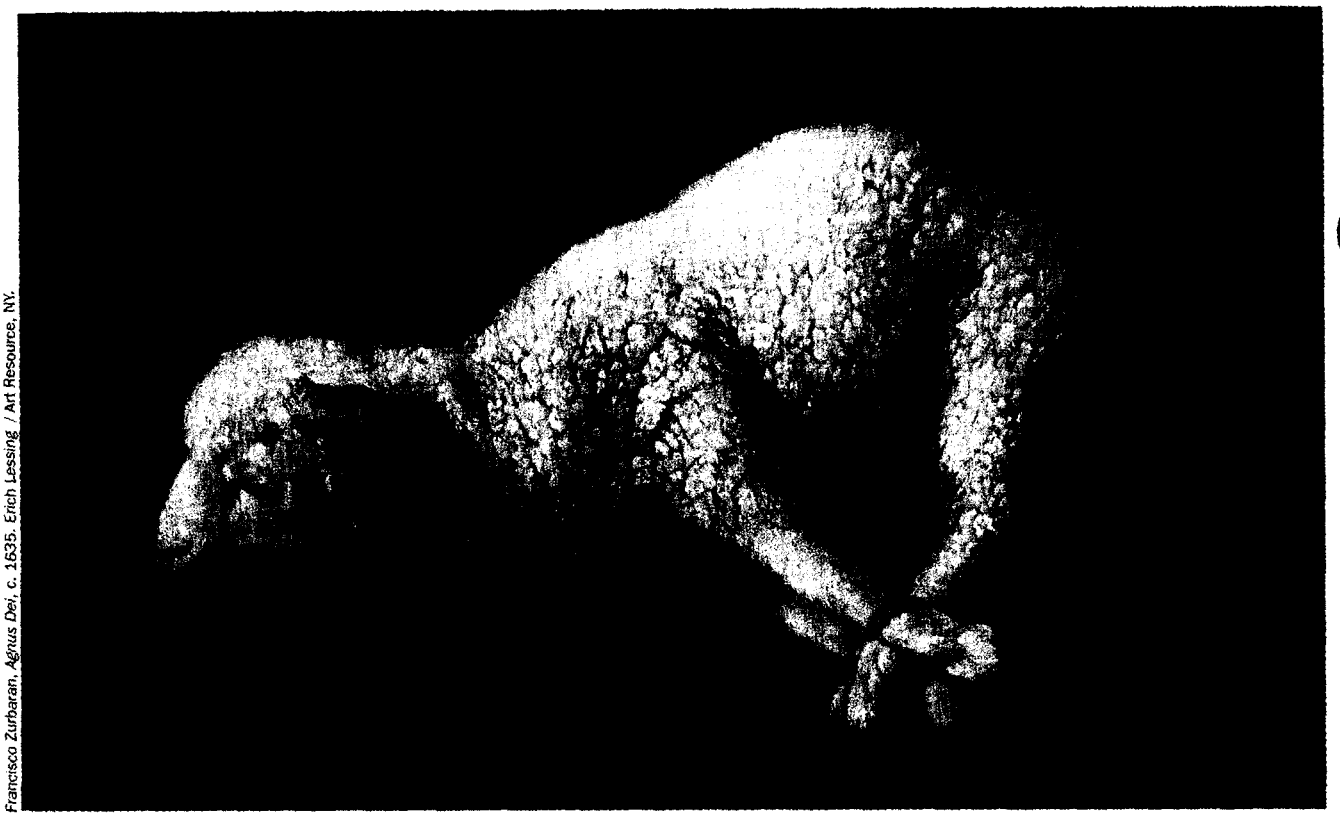

Francisco Zurbaran, *Agnus Dei*, c. 1635. Erich Lessing / Art Resource, NY.

Man and Beast

Matthew Scully argues for kindness to animals

By WESLEY J. SMITH

Americans love animals. We coo over and coddle our cats and dogs as if they were children. We paste "Save the Whales" bumper stickers on our cars. We groan in empathetic sadness if a squirrel darts into the road in front of a car. We flock to national parks to catch fleeting glimpses of bears, elk, and antelope. We anthropomorphize the animal world with movies such as *Bambi* and *Babe*.

This way of treating animals can be charming, if occasionally loopy. It is also an indicator of prosperity and cultural success: We are so far removed from the struggle for daily survival that we have the luxury of caring about animals and their suffering—as, indeed, we ought.

But in recent years, a radical and misanthropic social movement—promoting animal rights and liberation—has eclipsed the animal-welfare activism typified by the old American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Animal welfarists accept that humans are more important than animals. Animal liberationists see humans as only another animal, with no greater moral value or claim to rights. Welfarists acknowledge that animals may be used to benefit humans—so long as this is done in the most humane way practicable. Liberationists want to ban all human use of animals. Welfarists are pro-animal. Liberationists are antihuman. Worse, the more radical animal liberationists have become violent. The Animal Liberation Front is a case in point, employing vandalism and personal threats against those they label animal abusers. Things have gotten so bad that the recently passed anti-terror legislation included penalties for attacking animal-related businesses.

Dominion
The Power of Man, the Suffering of Animals, and the Call to Mercy
by Matthew Scully
St. Martin's, 434 pp., $27.95

Into this overheated atmosphere has now come animal lover and author Matthew Scully, who was, until recently, a speechwriter for President Bush. In *Dominion: The Power of Man, the Suffering of Animals, and the Call to Mercy*, Scully makes an impassioned argument based on the fact that animals suffer and feel pain. He insists that he is not a supporter of animal rights, and

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while caring passionately about animals, he agrees they are less important than people. *Dominion* seeks, he says, merely to help stimulate "a spirit of kindness and clemency" toward the animals he sees as being abused.

So, in one of the book's most effective sections, Scully coolly rebuts the argument advanced by the godfather of the animal-liberation movement, Princeton University's Peter Singer. Decrying Singer's advocacy of infanticide, Scully worries that "Singer's attack on the sanctity of human life follows a natural trajectory from his case for animals, that they are one and the same moral project." This is a wise concern. A declaration of the equality of humans and animals allows not just animals to be treated like people, but people to be treated like animals. We are already seeing the fruits of that position, as some animal rightists and bioethicists suggest that cognitively disabled people be used in medical research in place of animals deemed to have a higher cognitive capacity.

Once we've rejected Singer-style animal liberation as the antihuman nihilism it is, however, we still need a principled rationale to guide our commitment to the humane treatment of animals. *Dominion* demands from us greater mercy and kindness toward animals—and who could disagree? But the book does little to strengthen the intellectual case for those who want to ease the burden on animals without surrendering to the disaster of animal rights. Indeed, Scully states explicitly, "You will find no theories in this book."

One place *Dominion* looks for help is the Bible. Although Scully says he is not "particularly a pious or devout person," he claims that there is a model for the ethical treatment of animals contained in Scripture. In the Garden of Eden, he points out, there was no predation. He also reminds us of the prediction that—as Isaiah 11:6 puts it—"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid." These are biblical suggestions that God does not want us to harm animals or cause them to suffer.

While there are serious Judeo-Christian principles that could be used to make an argument for, say, vegetarianism, significant problems exist with this line. It is, for example, God who first kills animals, when he clothes the wayward Adam and Eve with animal skins in Genesis 3:21. Moreover, there seems no way around God's establishment of the animal sacrifice practiced at Shilo and Jerusalem. The New Testament offers little additional help to Scully. The Gospel of Luke reports

that Mary and Joseph sacrificed turtle doves at the temple to celebrate the birth of Jesus—who would go on to speak approvingly of the killing of the fattened calf. Not only were there fishes among the loaves, but, after the Resurrection, the risen Christ fed the disciples a fish breakfast.

One of the primary reasons that the animal rightists are so dangerously effective is that they do not base their advocacy solely on emotional appeals. They have a philosophical argument that can be communicated simply: Humans and animals equally feel pain; hence humans and animals are equal; hence humans have no more right to ranch cows than they do to own slaves. This antihuman philosophy is morally incoherent, and it would lead to tremendous economic dislocation and human suffering if it were ever implemented. But the simplicity and consistency of the message can be very attractive—especially to the young.

Then, there is the matter of tone. In the preface, Robert F. Kennedy Jr. writes, "Scully's book gently questions whether we can foster human dignity in a society that treats other sentient beings as production units." I don't know what book Kennedy read, but there is nothing gentle about Scully's unceasingly scathing approach.

He is, for example, obsessed with trophy hunters and a trade association called the Safari Club International, which he loathes to the point of insisting that its tax-exempt status be revoked. Now, trophy hunting seems little more than killing for ego. But Scully is so outraged, he cites approvingly a description of it as "pure evil." One could reasonably call trophy hunting disgusting, even reprehensible. But our ethical impulses go seriously astray if we do not reserve "pure evil" for the worst wrongs perpetrated against *people*: the Holocaust, crashing hijacked airliners into skyscrapers, raping little children.

So horror-stricken is Scully about the suffering of animals that the book repeatedly careens out of control. One moment Scully is angrily denouncing the killing of elephants; the next he is berating Japanese whalers. He denounces factory farming of pigs, ricochets to assert God's love of animals, and boomerangs back to the elephants again. Scully's editor should have cut fifty pages of repetitive text, while requiring the author to add twenty-five pages about the use of animals in medical research—a difficult subject for people holding Scully's views, but one at which he only glances.

Still, given Matthew Scully's undeniable power as a writer, *Dominion* should have been the book that seized back from the animal liberationists the moral agenda of animal protection. The suspicion that the Peter Singers of the world hate humans more than they

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love animals is what has kept many reasonable people from joining the animal-rights activists. But, at the same time, reasonable people have allowed organizations like PETA considerable and unwarranted slack, for the animal liberationists appear to be the only ones talking about our moral treatment of animals. *Dominion* should have been the text that taught us how to practice kindness without falling into the trap of Peter Singer.

Unfortunately, *Dominion* fails at that task, mostly because Scully will not temper his emotional fervor long enough to explore the good humans receive from animals or the consequences that would befall us if we ceased to benefit from them. Animal suffering is crucial to a proper analysis, but so is human welfare.

Scully urges, for example, that all factory farming be outlawed because animals kept in factory farms are, by their confinement, mistreated. I wasn't convinced, partly because he anthropomorphizes the inner life of pigs. But let us grant, for the moment, his claim that factory farms cause animals to suffer. That's an important fact—but it does not settle the matter. We must also look to the human side of the equation.

Factory farming, as Scully briefly acknowledges, allows meat and dairy products to be brought to market at a low cost. I prefer to purchase eggs that were obtained from chickens not kept in cages because I deem such husbandry to be more humane. But I pay for that luxury: $3.49 for a dozen eggs, while eggs, presumably from factory farms, are $1.19 per dozen. Meanwhile, the price of pork in my supermarket is only $1.50 per pound.

Access to such nutritious, inexpensive food provides tremendous human good to people on limited budgets. Thus, even if factory farms cause the extent of animal suffering that Scully claims, the good of inexpensive food for human beings may be sufficient to justify this form of animal husbandry, or may require only reforms to reduce the level of animal suffering. These are the sorts of problems that need extensive research and empirical analysis so that the benefits to humans and harms to animals can be properly balanced. All Scully says is that doing away with factory farms will "mean paying higher prices for meat and dairy products, and therefore, for many consumers, consuming less of both. But the meat you buy, when you eat it, will not have the taste of a bitter life."

That is utterly inadequate. Matthew Scully is clearly an intelligent man whose big heart has found a just and noble cause. He is a powerful and sometimes even inspired writer, and his devotion to his subject is so great that he left his job at the White House to promote the message of the book.

But *Dominion* is unlikely to motivate many readers who are not already committed to Scully's position. Unfortunately, he is unable or unwilling to bring his intelligence and his heart together. In the end, *Dominion: The Power of Man, the Suffering of Animals, and the Call to Mercy* does little to help us embrace our duty to animals while keeping Peter Singerism at arm's length. ♦

Free Verse

The Penguin book of non-sonnets.

BY LEN KRISAK

Perhaps it's no surprise that an anthology that sets out to "defy or redefine the sonnet tradition" isn't the place to go for a handy collection of the best sonnets written in English in the last five hundred years.

The Penguin Book of the Sonnet
500 Years of a Classic Tradition in English
edited by Phillis Levin
Penguin, 526 pp., $18

But *The Penguin Book of the Sonnet* believes that we can see the sonnet best in the work of such poets as John Ashbery, Billy Collins, and Adrienne Rich—not one of whose selections in this anthology shows much clear idea of what a sonnet is. *The Penguin Book of the Sonnet* offers twelve-line sonnets, thirteen-line sonnets, fifteen-line sonnets, twenty-eight-line sonnets, curtal sonnets, and caudated sonnets. It's enough to make any respectable rondel, rondine, or rondeau slink off in despair.

To read the volume's introduction is to realize that the editor, Phillis Levin, knew what she was doing—which, when one thinks about it, makes things worse: *The Penguin Book of the Sonnet* was compiled in cold blood. Some 670 poems fill its pages, but even the most charitable judgment couldn't claim that 30 percent of the would-be sonnets meet the bare requirements of the form. There's a decent smattering of Shakespeare and some good work from Edna St. Vincent Millay and Robert Frost, but they are not sufficient to define the collection.

English poets have tried from time to time to vary the sonnet in meter, rhyme, and even number of lines. But who can read Robert Lowell's *History* or John Hollander's *Powers of Thirteen* and come away with the same feeling that the sonnets of Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, and Keats provide? A poem caudated to a fare-thee-well, unrhymed, mixed in its line lengths, and culminating in nothing agreeable to our sense of closure—a poem like many of the selections in *The Penguin Book of the Sonnet*, in other words—just isn't what we call a sonnet.

Too much in Levin's thirty-eight-

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page introduction is given over to the dispiriting bromides of postmodern discourse. Sonnets, we learn, cross the "boundaries of time, style, religion, race, nationality, and ethnic identity"—because "political and structural pressures engender innovation, subversion, and renewal." After "privileging" Meredith's *Modern Love* (a collection of sixteen-liners that, admittedly, Meredith himself called sonnets), the volume concludes with a poem by Levin's research assistant, Jason Schneiderman. At least Levin's own offering is fourteen lines long, although it is in no discernible meter. Meanwhile, a perfectly good poem such as Robert Hayden's (non-sonnet) "Those Winter Sundays" is distorted by being shoe-horned into a sonnet collection.

To see what went wrong with *The Penguin Book of the Sonnet*, take a look at the selection from Eavan Boland, wildly praised by Levin in the introduction. The poem begins as an adequate sonnet—fourteen lines, with an actual rhyme scheme—but Boland ends with this couplet: *You are its sum, struggling to survive— / A fantasy of honey your reprieve*. Why would any self-respecting poet go so far out of her way to annoy readers by slant-rhyming the two most important lines in the poem, and in nineteen syllables, at that? What's the point, except to transgress? And if the poem exists primarily to violate the sonnet form, then what's it doing in a sonnet collection?

I wish there were some good that could be said of *The Penguin Book of the Sonnet*, but the amateurish biographical notes don't make it easy. The classic howler "Edward Arlington Robinson" puts in an appearance, and for the average reader, the early selections (from Wyatt through the mid-seventeenth century) offer no glosses on unusual or archaic words. Levin cites no sources for her copy-texts, so anyone not intimately familiar with the hundreds of textual decisions incumbent on the editor of, say, Shakespeare's sonnets, will be at a considerable loss. Penguin's patrons deserve better than *The Penguin Book of the Sonnet*. ♦

Christmas shopping in England in 1917. Hulton-Deutsch Collection / CORBIS.

Dulce et Decorum

Wartime England as it actually was.

BY **H.W. CROCKER III**

The First World War was an unnecessary war. In it, brave working-class lions were slaughtered in their tens of thousands by stupid, insensate, upper-class, monocled donkeys who didn't know their arses from an artillery barrage. An entire generation was sacrificed in the trenches for no reason at all.

The Unquiet Western Front
Britain's Role in Literature and History
by Brian Bond
Cambridge University Press, 120 pp., $25

That is the received wisdom about the war—and it is known to be utterly wrong by nearly every professional military historian, writes Brian Bond in *The Unquiet Western Front: Britain's Role in Literature and History*. Such history as is known in Britain seems to come primarily from television. As Bond points out, comedian Rowan Atkinson's *Blackadder Goes Forth* not only captures popular myths about the war, it is on British school syllabi, hammering home the myths as fact.

The Unquiet Western Front brings together the author's lectures on "Britain and the First World War: The Challenge to Historians." Bond sketches a provocative view, largely unknown by the general public. It is a view, it must be said, that neglects the possible justice of Germany's cause against the Serbs and their Russian allies. But it is also a view that rejects recent revisionist voices of British isolationism, who say that Britain could and should have stayed aloof from the Continental slaughter pens.

While it is tempting to wish that Germany could have been, through deft diplomacy, convinced to focus its energies to the east, ham-fisted German militarism was unlikely to be swayed. Nor could Britain have long maintained its independence with the Continent subdued to the kaiser. Germany had amassed its enormous fleet for one reason only: to challenge Britain.

H.W. Crocker III writes often on military history. His comic novel about a British brigadier general, The Old Limey, *was recently reissued in paperback.*

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Indeed, Britain's entry was motivated by self-defense and by idealism. Liberal opinion thoroughly supported the principle that aggression against the sovereign states of Europe (in this case, Belgium and France) was intolerable and must be defeated. That idealism was not betrayed by the war, whatever sort of botch came out of the peace. As Bond points out, the German navy was obliterated, the kaiser fell, German militarism was defeated, and Britain's beneficent empire, which spread liberal ideals, reached its apogee with its postwar territorial gains. For the first time in history, Britain had borne the major brunt of a European continental war, and she emerged not only victorious but able to show potential aggressors that she had the economic, military, and moral wherewithal to bear the enormous costs of such a war. Britain's victory could have been a great instrument of deterrence to ensure the peace.

That it wasn't is largely because of the myth that the war had been futile, uniquely horrible, even unjust and wrong. That myth developed within the despair that set in afterwards. Immediately following the war, the devastating Spanish flu claimed even more victims globally than the war had. A decade later would come the Great Depression. And then there were the writers.

If one looks at British fiction and military memoirs in the postwar years, one finds that the vast majority of the books—particularly those that sold well—were not antiwar. Certainly the thrillers of John Buchan were not. Certainly *Bulldog Drummond* was not. Nor, really, was *Journey's End*, the popular play that was never intended to be an antiwar statement by its author, but become an enormously celebrated one in the hands of its theatrical producer.

One even has to be careful with making too much of the antiwar sentiments of such war poets as Wilfred Owen, Robert Graves, and Siegfried Sassoon. For one thing, Rupert Brooke's poetry—which was in the *dulce et decorum est pro patria mori* line—remained enormously popular into the 1930s while Owen was a minority taste. Robert Graves was never anything other than proud of his military service. Siegfried Sassoon was a tremendously courageous and efficient officer. And his prose—see his trilogy, *The Complete Memoirs of George Sherston*—is not only brilliant and powerful, but much more balanced in its approach and assessments than his bitter war poems.

As Bond notes, many of the antiwar poets were men whose demoralization and disillusionment came from personal issues that were compounded into their experience of the war. Many literate soldiers were appalled at what they saw as the "antiwar" writers' disordered and exaggerated description of the Western Front as an endlessly brutal and grim experience to be met only with despair and anguish. It was, to the more level-headed, simply war, and with its purposes, compensations, and reliefs as well as the inevitable horror.

Far from being donkeys, braying from the rear, the officers—including the generals—fell in greater numbers than they did in the Second World War. And with rare exceptions they led well and learned quickly; they did, after all, defeat a formidable opponent. While there were days of incredible slaughter, these, says Bond, should not be mistaken for the whole—nor should the victorious offensive of 1918 be as neglected as it usually is.

But if the war was misunderstood in the decades leading up to the Second World War, its myth grew even more in the 1960s. The officers became the heartless aristocrats who represented the establishment that deserved to be overthrown. If there is one man who represented the heartless establishment more than any other it was Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig—who had already been the subject of abuse and criticism from the moment politicians began writing their postwar memoirs. Still, it is hard to gainsay what the journalist Kevin Myers wrote in the *Sunday Telegraph* in 1998: "Douglas Haig will always remain a demon. He above all others won the Great War; and for depriving them of a great defeat, the British will never forgive him."

But perhaps we should—and perhaps we should remember, as Bond helps us to do—that the truth of history is often not what we think it is. ♦

Julia Does Wellesley

Hollywood meets higher ed.

BY JONATHAN B. IMBER

For most of the 1990s, the "Hillary Factor" helped boost recruitment of students at Wellesley College, alma mater of the high-achieving first lady. Impeachment may have dampened the appeal, but not for long: Last year at the gala celebration of the college's 125th anniversary, Hillary (1969) and Madeleine Albright (1959) were the stars.

Yet political celebrity now stands to be eclipsed by Hollywood glamour. In late September and early October, the filming of *Mona Lisa Smile* began on Wellesley's lovely campus. The screenplay, which some liken to *Dead Poets Society*, has Julia Roberts arriving at Wellesley in 1953 to teach art history, and recounts the coming of age of several students. A challenge facing Roberts, co-producer of the film, is to avoid putting 1960s feminism into 1950s heads.

Roberts herself exudes both femininity and confidence, a kind of post-feminist feminism that even allows for humor. Central casting, meanwhile, has done its part to recruit present-day Wellesley students suitable for portray-

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ing their counterparts in the era of girdles and curls. Students lined up for an entire day, and many of them made the cut. So did some faculty members young enough to pass as students. The excitement was pervasive. Campus police posted detailed bulletins daily about where faculty and staff could park; librarians scoured the archives for information about the authentic Wellesley of fifty years ago; and the Office for Public Information worked overtime to keep campus and outside world abreast of the sometimes confusing responsibilities of hosting a giant movie production in a sensitive environment.

Not everyone was amused. Notice of the impending arrival of Roberts and company touched off a ruckus that still has not subsided. There was a minor explosion of postings on the campus electronic conference system. Some found fault with the whole concept of allowing Hollywood to ravish Wellesley: The school was being co-opted, and it was giving in to commercialism and grubbing for "Julia-dollars" while underpaying its own support staff. Just last week, in a letter to the campus newspaper that dripped with contempt for Roberts's "contribution to the cinematic art," a professor voiced the anguished question: "Does Wellesley rank high because its graduates get soul-destroying but high-paying jobs or because it teaches them soul-making's use-value against the allure of high paying sell-outs and space-polluting robocars? . . . Do we think *all* students are so blind and busy as not to see through the farce?"

For those less versed in the politics of oppression, there was outrage at the simpler level of the politics of representation: The college was conspiring in the crass stereotyping of Wellesley women. Because the casting crew wanted only women who looked the part of 1953 Wellesley girls, some voices alleged discrimination against those who didn't fit the profile. Women who were cast were described as "privileged," while those who were not—some of whom got to work behind the scenes—were reminded of their "marginal status." A demand was heard for a disclaimer to appear at the beginning of the film, to wit: What you are about to see bears no resemblance to the Wellesley College of today.

One way of looking at the change, of course, is to see it as a cause for satisfaction—even to imagine that Julia Roberts's gift to Wellesley might be that when her film arrives in movie theaters around the globe, the college will be celebrated for how far it has come. On campus, at least, the commotion is teaching history, bringing students to realize how different things are from what they were fifty years ago, even if the assumption in the air is that the change was wrought less by the civil rights revolution and the globalization of American higher education than by two decades' multicultural mantras and the attendant ideology of so-called diversity.

I say "so-called diversity" because, while the student body of 2002 is less than half white, political diversity remains unknown among the teaching corps. The faculty almost to a person are liberal Democrats, if not Naderite greens (or, worse, people like the professor who pines for the day when an "African-American anarcho-feminist director" can make a film on campus). Wouldn't it be nice if the Julia Factor turned out to be the flourish that ushered in a new determination among Wellesley women not to be typecast by political sentiment any more than by figure or face? ♦

Roman Candle

Oriana Fallaci sheds heat and light.

BY DAVID HARSANYI

Italian journalist and professional provocateur Oriana Fallaci may once have embodied enlightened postwar Western Europe. But with the release of her new book, *The Rage and the Pride*—a biting polemic against anti-Americanism, political correctness, and Islam's "reverse crusade"—she has managed to become a pariah in European intellectual circles.

The Rage and the Pride
by Oriana Fallaci
Rizzoli, 168 pp., $14.95

A self-declared "political refugee," Fallaci broke her ten-year refusal to comment on political issues after the terrorist atrocities committed by Islamic fundamentalists on September 11. Sick with cancer, the seventy-two-year-old Fallaci, who spends most of her time in New York City, let her fury erupt in an "anger that eliminates every detachment." Only days after the attacks, the Milan newspaper *Corriere della Sera* published Fallaci's scathing essay entitled "La Rabbia e l'Orgoglio." The article was a sensation, igniting bitter controversy all over Europe. Soon after, the Italian publisher Rizzoli persuaded her to extend her essay into a small book, which has sold one million copies in Italy, and has now been translated into English by Fallaci herself.

Fallaci's antagonists have accused her of being a xenophobe and Islamophobe. In France, an anti-racist group has attempted to have her book banned. Two other groups demanded disclaimers that the book doesn't accurately portray Islam. The head of Editions Grasset, one of France's most promi-

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nent publishers, said: "It's a regressive book, which will be read by people with reptilian brains." Rana Kabbani wrote, "Fallaci's hatred and fear of Muslims is both visceral and hysterical."

Fallaci—an anti-Fascist resistance fighter as a teenager and a war correspondent for most of her career as a journalist—is unlikely to have been motivated by fear. *The Rage and the Pride* is unfocused, but it is not hysterical, and, though uncompromising, is certainly not visceral. "War you wanted, war you want?" she declares. "Good. As far as I am concerned, war is and war will be. Until the last breath."

Fallaci has always written with a self-regarding eye, seeing herself as a player, not bystander, of history—but the history she now takes up is Western civilization and Italy's sacred cultural heritage. *The Rage and the Pride* makes no pretense at constructing a disciplined case against Muslim fundamentalists or their European fellow travelers. Fallaci feigns no detachment or objectivity. The book is a spontaneous reaction to an almost inexpressible horror, and more important to Fallaci, a portent of horrors to come. It lectures and accuses and, despite some occasional drifting, is utterly convincing. "On every professional experience," Fallaci once said, "I leave shreds of my heart and soul; and I participate in what I see or hear as though the matter concerned me personally and were one on which I ought to take a stand (in fact I always take one, based on a specific moral choice)."

The leftists attacking the book have this much excuse: Fallaci's didactic posture can make her infuriating. The idiosyncratic translation, the scatological cursing, and the self-righteousness all sporadically undermine *The Rage and the Pride*. But none of it undermines the emotional effect. And as Fallaci explains in her preface, the book was not meant for us. "My country, my Italy, is not the Italy of today," she writes—"The pleasure-loving, vulgar Italy of people who think only about retiring before they are fifty, the evil, stupid and cowardly Italy of the little hyenas who would send their daughter to a brothel in Beirut just to shake hands with a Hollywood star, but when the kamikaze of bin Laden reduce thousands of New Yorkers to mush, laugh and say it serves America right."

In the end, the unsympathetic candor is what makes *The Rage and the Pride* so refreshing. Fallaci's heartfelt defense of American culture may find much antipathy in Europe, but here it will be warmly embraced. Ted Morgan once wrote in the *Washington Post* that Fallaci "wants to be more than a brilliant interviewer, she wants to be an avenging angel." Finally, she has her chance. ♦

Another Nobel Winner You've Never Heard Of

The prize committee needs to learn that there's more to literature than the novel. BY JONATHAN LEAF

On October 10—the day before the Norwegian contingent of the Nobel Prize committee gave the prize for peace to Jimmy Carter—the Swedish side of the Nobel committee named Hungary's Imre Kertész the winner of the prize for literature.

How obscure is Kertész? The Contemporary Authors Index, which reports on over ten thousand of the world's best-known living writers, doesn't list him. Only two of his books are available in English: a Holocaust novella called *Fateless* and the novel *Kaddish for a Child Not Born*. *Fateless* is an affecting but not towering work, and unless the translators have utterly failed, *Kaddish for a Child Not Born* is an embarrassing, pretentious mess. These are reputed to be his major works, and only one is even worth picking up.

It used to be a favorite party game of American authors to complain about the Nobel Prize committee's selection of John Steinbeck and Pearl S. Buck over Robert Frost and F. Scott Fitzgerald, but at least Buck and Steinbeck were skilled, professional storytellers. Some of the selections in more recent years have been not much more deserving than in-flight travel-magazine writers. The Kertész choice is far from the worst. In 1985 the committee picked the instantly forgettable French author Claude Simon. In 1997 the prize went to Italian playwright Dario Fo, largely because he had been denied entry into the United States. (Meanwhile, just among English-language playwrights, Arthur Miller, Harold Pinter, and Tom Stoppard are still alive.)

The 1995 winner Seamus Heaney himself has said the committee waited too long to give the prize to an Irish poet, and so missed Patrick Kavanaugh. By the time the Swedes realized the golden age of poetry that was happening in Poland, Zbigniew Herbert was dead, and the 1980 winner Czeslaw Milosz received the prize almost by default.

Not that Heaney and Milosz were entirely unworthy—particularly when compared with some of the Scandinavian authors for whom the Swedish selectors have always shown a preference. (When was the last time you even *saw* a text by the 1974 winners Eyvind Johnson and Harry Martinson?) But the Nobel committee has a knack for picking a nation's second-rank talent. They repeatedly passed over the controversial Japanese novelist Yukio Mishima and then gave the award in 1994 to Kenzaburo Oe—just as they had earlier passed over the vastly

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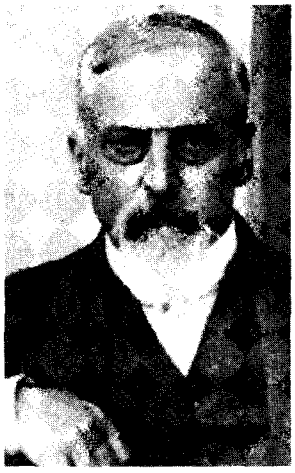

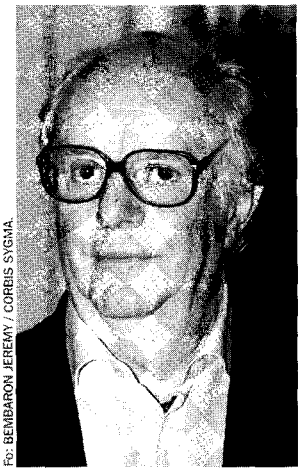

Buck: Hulton-Deutsch Collection / CORBIS. Soyinka: Reuters / CORBIS. Fo: BEMBARON JEREMY / CORBIS SYGMA. Kertész: AFP / CORBIS.

Henryk Sienkiewicz, Pearl S. Buck, Wole Soyinka, Dario Fo, and Imre Kertész.

deserving Junichiro Tanazaki to favor Yasuniri Kawabata.

Last year's selection of V.S. Naipaul was a genuinely great choice. But among English writers the literature committee members neglected Graham Greene and Anthony Powell to select William Golding in 1983. Ten years later they ignored Ralph Ellison to bestow the award on Toni Morrison. In 1986 they selected Wole Soyinka (the author once cruelly described by Andrew Ferguson as "perhaps the greatest belletrist in all of Nigeria"), leaving out the country's one important writer: Chinua Achebe.

The Nobel Prize committee's habit of intermingling wise choices with gross errors forms a pattern that goes back to its beginning in 1901. In the early years, it rejected the towering survivors of the Victorian era to honor such forgotten figures as Giosuè Carducci and Rudolf Eucken. Two reasons are usually given for these goofs: The committee reads most work in translation, and its judgments are strongly influenced by current politics and literary tastes.

But perhaps there is more to it. If Kipling is taken primarily as a poet and short-story writer, then in the award's first fourteen years the Nobel Prize went to only one novelist—and a historical one at that: Henryk Sienkiewicz. By contrast, more than half of those picked in the last twenty years have been novelists. When the award was first being given most intellectuals thought the reading of a cultured person consisted of poetry, history, and philosophy much more than novels—a species of writing that, with few exceptions, was thought to be a vulgar middle-class form of entertainment.

The first prize was given to Provençal poet and philologist Sully Prudhomme (though it was meant to go to Tolstoy, who lost by accident). The second went to historian Theodor Mommsen, and the third to poet Bjornstjerne Bjornson. Ironically, these awards were being given at a time of great ferment in novel-writing and relative atrophy in poetry and history: Tennyson and Hugo were dead, but in the first years of the twentieth century Leo Tolstoy, Mark Twain, Henry James, Joseph Conrad, Marcel Proust, and Emile Zola were all alive.

The honoring of novelists above historians, philosophers, and poets was only gradual. Bertrand Russell won in 1950, Winston Churchill in 1953, and Jean-Paul Sartre in 1964. And the shift to novelists was perhaps justified when the novel was consistently attracting the best writing talent. But how many first-rate novelists are now working? Philip Roth and John Updike are still alive, and may deserve recognition. But among younger Americans, Don DeLillo and Joyce Carol Oates are the most touted. Undeniably they have talent, but does either possess greatness? Britain has William Trevor and the comic novelist Tom Sharpe. But does it have many living novelists possessing anything approximating historical importance?

In contrast, consider some of the superlative historians, men of letters, economists, and synthetic writers of ideas at work. Think only of Jacques Barzun, Richard Pipes, Robert Conquest, Simon Schama, James McPherson, and John Keegan. And, meantime, Robert Caro, Michael Holroyd, Richard Holmes, and Jean Edward Smith seem to have made biography into a major—perhaps *the* major—literary form of our age. What recent British novels were as worth reading as many of these authors' popular histories? How many Americans have composed a novel of the substance of some of these authors' treatises? How many create as full and memorable characters as these biographers have done?

The Nobel Prize committee is wrong in thinking that it must avoid picking too many writers from the world's major countries. But that it looks to minor and unknown Hungarians to find talent in novel-writing may not be just a reflection of its desire to honor writers working in smaller nations.

In the preceding generation, there has been a marked improvement in both the quality and in the standards of the writing of history and biography. But either the novel is now worn-out soil, or we're in the midst of a sustained dry season. The Nobel committee might wish to take note. ♦

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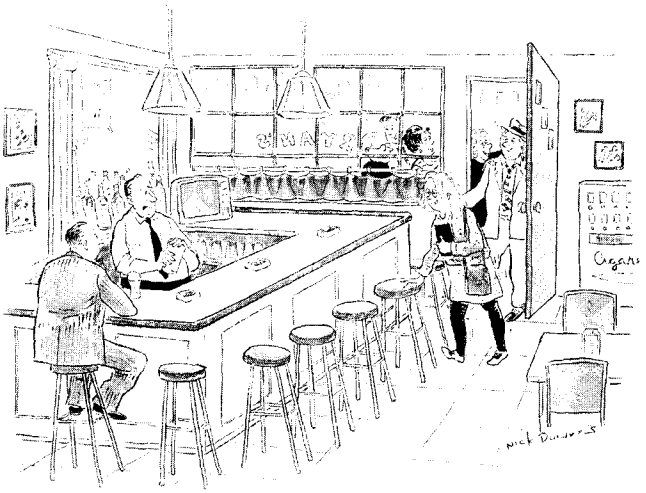

"Oh no—It's the Brendan Behan walking tour."

Book Returns

C.S. Lewis once suggested that every age has its advantages and disadvantages. His own youth suffered from the decline of civility, virtue, faith, and humanity. On the other hand, books were cheap.

We can't say the same. I shudder every time I type into a review the fact that some university press wants $70 for a study of natural law. I'm a fan of Martin Cruz Smith, but is his new mystery *December 6* something I would actually buy at $26 in hardback? We would see fewer of those reviews that say "a worthy volume" or "an enjoyable read" if reviewers had to shell out $37.50 of their own money for a copy of the book they so blithely praise.

Still, we do have one advantage in these sad days: We are living in a golden age of reprints—expensive reprints, you understand, but good ones. Despite the Sonny Bono amendment's attempt to add another 20 years to copyrights, every season's new-book catalogues bring notice of a dozen forgotten classics' coming back into print.

The Oxford World's Classics series, for instance, has just added Matthew Lewis's 1795 *The Monk*, the greatest, grossest, most gothic Gothic novel ever written, with an introduction by Stephen King, of all the oddly appropriate people. The *New York Review of Books* has started a reprint house, and volumes such as M.I. Finley's 1954 *The World of Odysseus* almost reconcile one to, well, the *New York Review of Books*.

The dearth of good children's books has prompted two publishers to reissue G.A. Henty's adventure books. Overlook is printing in gorgeous volumes Walter R. Brooks's Freddy the Pig tales. Last year, Michael Dirda praised in these pages Prion's republication of Bashford's Edwardian satire *Augustus Carp, Esq. By Himself, Being the Autobiography of a Really Good Man*. Last month, Thomas M. DeFrank added an essay on Broadman & Holman's reissuing of the Chip Hilton sports stories.

And then there's a new reprint house in New York called Green Mansion, started by Madelene Towne, a book-loving lawyer whose inability to find copies of her favorites led her into publishing. A box with the first season's offerings arrived in the mail this week, and it's an astonishingly good selection. The first volume I pulled out was Patrick Dennis's *The Joyous Season*, the funniest Christmas book ever written, by the author of *Auntie Mame* and *Little Me*, the hilarious parody of actresses' memoirs (also reissued this fall, by Broadway Books, and somebody needs to use the occasion to resurrect Patrick Dennis's reputation).

The second Green Mansion volume I pulled out was Nora Johnson's 1958 girls' story *The World of Henry Orient*. One of my wife's favorite children's books, *Adopted Jane* by Helen F. Daringer, followed. Later finds included Marchette Chute's young reader's tale *The Wonderful Winter*, about a boy who runs off to join Shakespeare's theater company, and B.J. Chute's 1956 adult parable *Greenwillow*, nearly forgotten after its adaptation as a Broadway musical in 1960. (Wasn't there a third Chute sister who wrote as well? I have a vague memory that there was, but I can't dig up her name.)

The result of the box from Green Mansion was that I didn't write that exciting piece I was supposed to do on voter fraud in South Dakota, but stayed up far too late reading *The World of Henry Orient*. I knew the 1964 movie version, a sweet account of a pair of schoolgirls in New York, starring Peter Sellers as the wild-living classical pianist on whom the girls form a crush (reputedly based on Oscar Levant). But I had never read the book, and it is much deeper and darker than the movie. Where the movie ends sweet, the book ends sad, with the loss of promise, innocence, and energy in the brilliant Valerie Boyd and her friend, the narrating Marian Gilbert.

Is this right? Not having ever been a thirteen-year-old girl, I hesitate to deny that women feel the loss of something golden and alive in the change from child to adult. But I had always thought this mostly a literary construction of women's fiction or a derivative feature of that 1950s era in which all adulthood felt like loss (witness, for example, *The Catcher in the Rye*).

And yet, there's something undeniable and real about Val and Marian. The poignancy and insight of Nora Johnson's *The World of Henry Orient* makes me realize I will never understand the inner life of girls.

—J. Bottum

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North Korea develops nuclear capability, after signing a Jimmy Carter-sponsored agreement to not pursue nuclear capabilities.

—News item

Parody

The Nobel Peace Prize Citation

Jimmy Carter, 2002

The Committee celebrates James Carter as the recipient of the 2002 Alfred Nobel Peace Prize. Mr. Carter has been a tireless champion of peace, democracy, and human rights. When he entered the White House in 1976, Mr. Carter faced a world torn by strife and discord. An inordinate fear of communism dominated the American mind. Mr. Carter solved that problem, and by lessening tensions, enabled the Soviet Union to slow the arms race and focus its attentions on bringing peace and democracy to the nation of Afghanistan.

During Mr. Carter's tenure, violence threatened to consume Iran. But Mr. Carter solved that problem, allowing a peaceful revolution to sweep through Iran, heralding an era of democracy, human rights, and freedom in that ancient nation.

Mr. Carter also faced conflict in Latin America. But Mr. Carter solved that problem. His wise embrace of the Sandinista movement brought a new era of prosperity, democracy, and freedom to the Nicaraguan people. Elsewhere in Latin America, Mr. Carter's wise stewardship solidified the rule of enlightened democratic leaders such as Manuel Noriega. Thanks to Mr. Carter's successful approach, subsequent U.S. presidents have not had to confront unsavory leaders in that region.

But Mr. Carter's efforts on behalf of world peace did not end with his presidency. During the administration of George H.W. Bush, Mr. Carter worked with the French government to head off operation Desert Storm. Mr. Carter brilliantly observed that Saddam Hussein represented no threat to the peaceful world order. Thanks to his efforts, the world now knows that Saddam Hussein is an indigenous freedom fighter who represents the highest aspirations of the Iraqi and Kurdish people.

Mr. Carter has also brought his magic touch to the nation of Haiti. Thanks to his efforts towards peace and reconciliation, Haiti is now a rich democracy, a model for developing nations everywhere.

Finally, Mr. Carter has prevented the nation of North Korea from ever developing nuclear weapons. Keenly perceiving that when dealing with Stalinist dictators, it is always best to take them at their word, Mr. Carter personally brokered an agreement with the North Koreans which ensures that the peninsula of Korea will forever be nuke-free.

Rarely has one man brought so much peace to the world. He richly deserves this prize.

the weekly Standard
OCTOBER 28, 2002

Photo: KRT

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A Call for a Broad View

H.R. McMaster is a national security affairs fellow at the Hoover Institution.

The thought that the attacks of September 11, 2001, could have been prevented is frustrating. Intelligence indicators went unheeded, including information from 1998 suggesting terrorist plans to fly an explosive-laden aircraft into the World Trade Center or detonate explosives at an airport. We learn that the director of Central Intelligence, George Tenet, stated in December 1998 that the United States was "at war" with Osama bin Laden; he urged intelligence officials to spare no resources in the effort against Al Qaeda. In the summer of 2001 intelligence received information that bin Laden associates "were planning attacks in the United States with explosives," and thirty-three communications that indicated a "possible, imminent terrorist attack." Viewing evidence in hindsight, however, and considering it outside the context of all available information, can lead to simplistic conclusions. Broadening the inquiry to include other cases of strategic surprise can help us learn the right lessons from 9-11.

Nearly sixty years before terrorists struck Washington and New York, half the Japanese fleet moved to within striking distance of Oahu and achieved complete surprise at Pearl Harbor. **Revisiting why intelligence indicators did not generate warnings and defensive action before December 7, 1941, seems relevant to September 11, 2001.**

After Pearl Harbor, Congress also held hearings that evoked similar emotions of disappointment. A March 1941 report stated that a Japanese declaration of war might be preceded "by a surprise attack on Oahu including ships and installations on Pearl Harbor" and suggested patrols to prevent "surface or air surprise." A week before the attack, an analyst suggested that Japanese radio pattern changes indicated "active operations on a large scale." On December 3, Washington learned that Japanese diplomatic and consular posts were to destroy their codes and secret documents. On December 6, the FBI in Honolulu witnessed members of the Japanese consulate burning papers. Hours before the attack, a U.S. Navy destroyer identified a Japanese submarine in the harbor. Then as today it seemed that officials should have taken defensive action.

In her classic study *Pearl Harbor: Warning and Decision* (1962), Roberta Wohlstetter concluded that the surprise at Pearl Harbor was not surprising at all. Evidence of an impending attack was muted by the "noise" of conflicting information. Moreover, false alarms had desensitized officials to warnings. Bureaucratic barriers and preserving the secrecy of intelligence sources prevented analysts from connecting disparate indicators.

Although we may never eliminate the possibility of strategic surprise, we can reduce that possibility. The 9-11 attacks appear unprecedented in their brutality against innocent Americans, but we must resist viewing them in isolation. Many of the same causes of the Pearl Harbor surprise were present before September 11. Wohlstetter's book is representative of a rich literature on the subject of strategic surprise, studies generated in large measure by fears of a Soviet thermonuclear attack. History, however, cannot provide us with a specific plan of action to foil future attacks. But it can help us ask the right questions and avoid oversimplification.

Defending our homeland and our interests abroad requires enduring commitment, resolute action, and constant reassessment. As Sir Michael Howard reminds us, history may not be able to make us clever for the next time, but it can make us wise forever.

— H.R. McMaster

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

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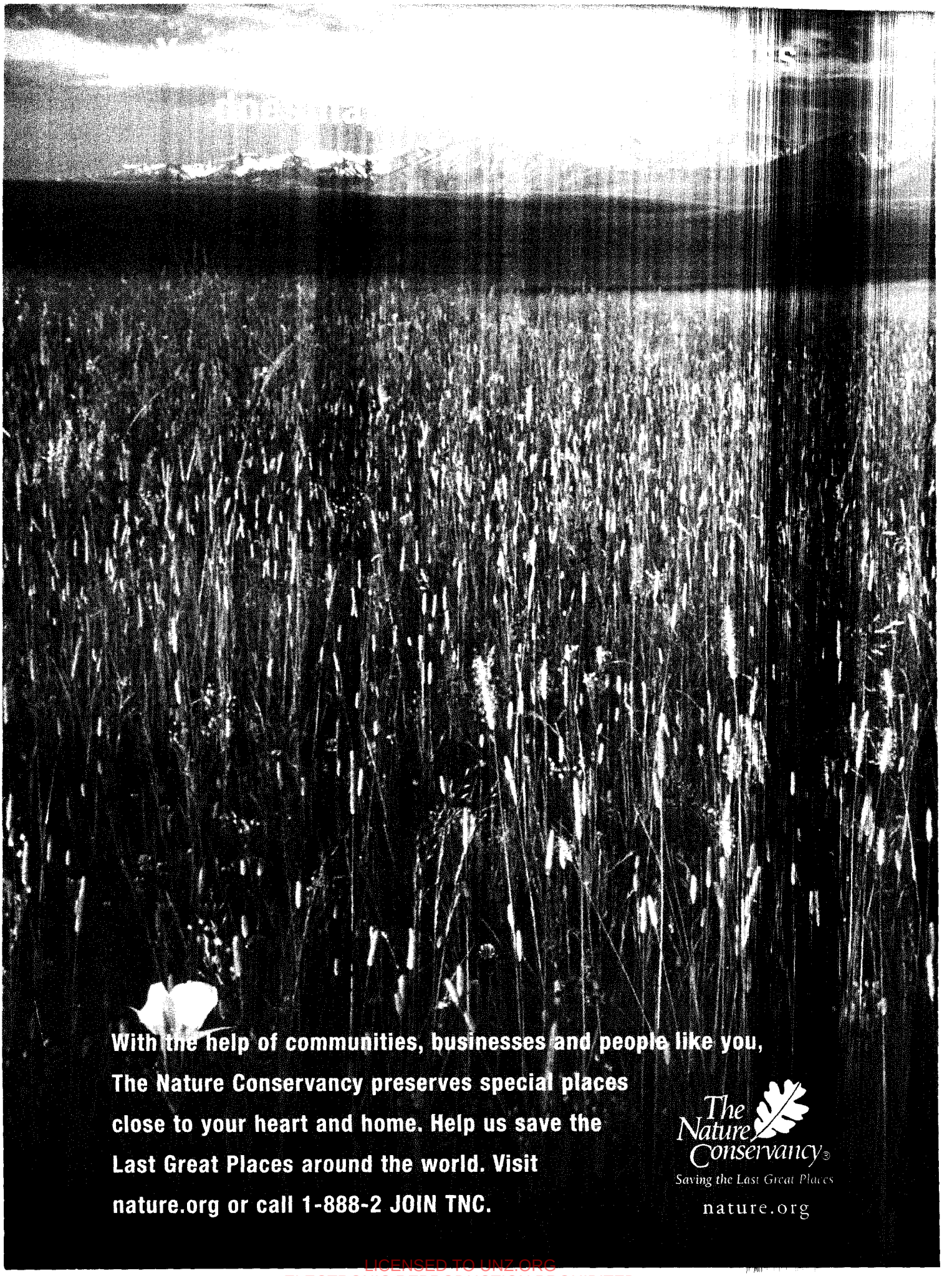

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